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MISCELLANEOUS POETRY:

OR,

THE FARMER'S MUSE.

BY BENJAMIN HINE.

NEW-YORK:

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PREFACE.

In putting these pages to press, I have consulted no mind but my own, with regard to the propriety or impropriety of so doing; true, my friends have often expressed a desire to see, or asked the question, if they were never to see them in print; and some have gone so far as to say, they did not think I should do justice to myself or to my sphere, that is to that class of my fellow-citizens with whom I have had my birth and being, if I did not make them public. Upon this, I have at last concluded: not that I claim merit as a poet, or that I expect to add laurels to the literature of my country, but simply to preserve the humble productions of my pen, for myself and my friends, of whom I have an extensive circle, including my family connections; and I felt a desire to be in possession of a sufficient number of copies for gratuitous distribution among those in whose memories I wish to live.

Having it in my power to defray the expense of a small edition, I have issued no flattering proposals—

asked no subscriptions: hence every one will be at liberty to purchase or not; to read, or not to read; and no one will have any just cause to cast reflections on me for disappointing their expectations, as is often the case when books are published on that principle.

The motives which induced me to write, were various: as, the exercise of my faculties as a rational being; fond of poetry and the muses from my youth; my books and my pen have at least constituted one of the chief sources of my amusements through life.

Another and not less important one was, to keep a record of the ideas and sentiments which revolved in my mind from time to time, and often on the most important subjects that can engage the attention of man; and the which if I had not done so, would, long ere this, have faded away from my mind, and been lost to my memory, or measurably so; a third might be mentioned, viz. to gratify the wishes of my youthful friends, at whose solicitations I often wrote, and to whom I ever meant to convey some good lesson of moral instruction.

As to the language in which I have clothed my ideas, all I can say of it is, it is the best I was master of, without education, further than was obtained in the common schools, as they were kept something over half a century past; and in which even grammar was not

taught; and in which art I have never made proficiency enough to parse a sentence; my ear has been my guide.

As an additional apology for any errors which may be found in composition, and of which I am sensible there may be many, I would observe, that about the time I commenced writing, I also commenced my labours as a farmer, in a then wilderness country, on a new plantation, clothed with a dense and heavy forest, without any resources but my hands, the soil to purchase and clear, my subsistence to gain, my cattle and farming utensils to buy, and all the hardships and privations to endure generally attendant on the settlement of a new country; which labours were continued by myself as unremittingly as by any one who entered the wilderness with me, and that, for the space of near forty years, including all the time taken up in the production of these pieces; and now, in my advanced age, that I should feel somewhat toward them as a man feels for his living offspring, will not be thought strange by any mind used to reflection.

Hitherto it has been my fortune to lead the life of a bachelor, and may be so the little remnant of my days; I have no living offspring, none to speak for me when I gone; these then shall be my offspring,—these shall

speak for me, but whether to my praise or dispraise must be left to the judgment of every reader.

It has often been remarked, that poets are not without their share of vanity, and I must be allowed to have my portion; hence I have flattered myself that there will be some at least, among my equals in birth and attainments, who will find something in these pages both to amuse and instruct, and for those who have been favoured with a more liberal education, and are qualified to judge critically, have they sentiment, and have they mentally travelled over the same ground with me, there may be also something found to please, notwithstanding all the errors observable by them; from the learned and candid critic I shall ever be willing to hear any remarks they may please to make, and to see all my blunders pointed out, so that it be done in friendship. I ask not for praise, but would gladly avoid censure.

THE AUTHOR.

Cairo, Green Co., N.Y.
March, 1835.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Ode on Spring,	13
The Natural Man's Darkness, or Thirsting for Knowledge,	16
The Choice,	19
Inquiring after God,	20
The Mind Familiarizing itself with Death,	22
Omnipresence of God,	23
The Soul placing its Safety in God's Omnipresence,	24
The Existence of God manifest from the Works of Creation,	25
Hymn, the Soul thirsting for Light, with Desires for Submission,	26
The World in its nature unsatisfying,	27
Female Excellency sure to gain Love,	28
The Adieu,	29
Thoughts on Death,	30
Marriage,	31
Contemplations on the Universe in an Evening Walk,	31
Spring,	33
Letter to Miss P. A., on the Death of her Brother,	34
The Narrow Limits of the Human Mind,	35
Acrostic on Amos Ames, written for his Sister, soon after his death,	36
Acrostic on Mrs. Isabel Hall, late deceased,	37
Acrostic on Abner Webster, deceased,	38
Acrostic for Ede Walbridge Fobes,	39
A View of the Catskill Mountains from Acra,	40
A View of the Nocturnal Heavens,	42
The Christian Triumph,	42
Mourning Piece, written for Lois M'Clary, on the Death of her Daughter,	43
Invitation to the Grove,	44
Acrostic for Nancy Mackey Fobes,	47
Acrostic for Benjamin Hine,	48
Acrostic for Temperance Horton,	49
Acrostic on Betsy Howell, deceased,	50
Acrostic for Nehemiah Spencer, Preceptor,	51
The Uncertainty of Human Life, a Poem, written on the Death of John Loomis who was casually slain by the fall of a tree,	52
Philena's Lamentation, for the Loss of her Children,	57

The Pleasures of the Country superior to those of the Town, 60
Acrostic for Elizabeth Hayes, written in Spring, . . . 62
Hymn, ... 63
Acrostic for Anna Haight, ... 64
Address to the Deity, ... 65
Winter Piece, in a Letter to a Friend, ... 66
Death, ... 68
An Address to the Believers in a Partial Salvation, . . . 74
Dedication of the Meeting-house in Acra, ... 80
Thoughts on Time and Death, in commemoration of the Death of Lois M'Clary, ... 81
The Fall of Empires, ... 83
Acrostic on George Washington, deceased, ... 84
Acrostic for Miss Lucy Carter, ... 85
Ode to Innocence, ... 86
Address to Man, ... 87
The Ransomed Sinner's Song, or Praise to the Redeemer, . 88
Hymn on Sleep, ... 90
Happiness, ... 91
Address, &c. 92
The Banks of Chenang, ... 93
Ode for New-Year, 1805, ... 94
Friendly Union, ... 95
The Benighted Mind Thirsting for Light, ... 97
Reflections on Viewing the Sky, ... 98
Acrostic for Mrs. Esther Torrey, ... 100
Winter Piece, written for Elmira Sayre, ... 101
Praise, ... 102
A Walk to the Burying Ground, written for Abigail Sayre, &c. 103
Acrostic for Miss Hannah Brewster, ... 105
Man, ... 106
Acrostic for Miss Deborah Kneeland, ... 107
Acrostic for Miss Polly Mulford, ... 108
The Flight of Time, addressed to Miss Mahitable Sayre, &c. 109
American Independence, Thirty-fourth Anniversary, . . 111
Acrostic for Gideon Noble Judd, ... 114
Acrostic for Miss Peggy Vandyke, ... 115
CXXXIXth Psalm, ... 116
Acrostic for Miss Harriet Blanchard, ... 120
God's Presence, the Life of the Soul. A Hymn, ... 121
The Dying Man's Farewell, ... 122
Breathings of the Soul, &c. 123
Ordination Hymn, ... 124

Evening Meditations, ... 126
Lines for Miss P. Mulford, ... 130
The Rose Bud; or, Little Betsy, ... 133
Acrostic for Mrs. Alma Upham, ... 134
Acrostic for Miss Hannah Almira Huntington, ... 135
Acrostic for Hansy Blanchard, ... 136
Fame, ... 136
To my Heart, ... 137
For Miss L. Porter, ... 138
Death, ... 139
Winter, ... 140
Jews' Captivity, ... 142
Acrostic for Miss Eliza Cone, ... 144
The Murderer, ... 145
Lines for the Anniversary Fair and Cattle Show, ... 147
Acrostic for Ann Minerva Huntington, ... 148
Acrostic for Miss Olive Martin, ... 149
On Age, ... 150
Byron, ... 152
Cowper, ... 153
The Fall of Scio, ... 154
To the Moon, ... 156
Greece, ... 158
Acrostic for Ann Catharine Hazard, ... 162
Acrostic for Clarissa Harlow Hayes, ... 163
Thirstings of the Soul, &c. 164
Beauty, ... 166
For Cynthia Hine, on the Death of her Father, ... 168
Lines addressed to Miss S. Reed, Preceptress, ... 171
Mourning Piece, written for Miss Rebecca Weeks, ... 173
For Mary Babcock, on her leaving her Father's house, &c. . 175
Emity Hammond, ... 180
Virtue alone gives Happiness, written in a Place Book, . . 181
Snow in Spring, ... 182
Acrostic for Nancy Mariah Woodruff, ... 184
For Cynthia Hine, dedicatory to her Album, ... 185
The Suicide, ... 187
The Progress of Creation, as related by Moses, ... 191
Idleness, ... 196
The Place Book, written for Miss Sarah Reed, ... 197
Friendship and Love contrasted, ... 200
Acrostic for Miss A. Crooker, ... 201
Loss of Friends, ... 202

To Friendship, ... 203
Autumnal Reflections, ... 204
Happiness, written in an Album, ... 206
On Giving up the World, ... 207
The Slaveholder, ... 208
Acrostic for Miss Mary Sandford, ... 209
Childhood, ... 210
Acrostic for Miss Sarah Hine, ... 211
Acrostic for Ann Eliza Osborn, written for her Album, . . 212
Music, for a Young Lady who played the Piano, ... 213
For Catharine Newell, dedicatory to her Album, ... 214
Lines addressed to Miss Mandena Prosser, ... 216
Hope, ... 217
The Labourer at Sunset, ... 218
To Ann Catharine Hazard, on the dismissal of her School, &c. 220
The Changing Seasons, for Deidamia Willis—her Album, . 222
Domestic Life, for Miss Almira Sayre, ... 224
On Happiness, ... 225
Wedded Love, written for Miss Sarah Reed, on her marriage, 226
Acrostic for Mrs. Lovisa King, ... 230
Music, an Acrostic for Miss Mariah Hull, ... 231
For the same, written for her Album, ... 231
To Phebe Whiting, on receiving a piece of poetical composition from her, ... 232
Acrostic for Miss Anna Torrey, ... 233
The World, for Miss Clarissa Woodruff, ... 234
Retirement, written for Almira Webster, ... 236
The Artimesia, for Miss Cynthia Hine, ... 239
Reflections on the Spending of Time, ... 244
Truth, ... 246
The Looking-Glass, ... 247
Longings of the Soul, &c. 248
A Fragment, ... 249
Philistia's Overthrow, ... 250
Sonnet to the Mountain, ... 252
Fragment, ... 253
Lines addressed to Rev. D. Parker, accompanied with a small Present of Sugar, ... 254
The Bed, ... 259
The Life of Man, ... 263
The Last Hour of the Year, ... 266
The Beggar Girls, a Fable, ... 271

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY:

OR,

THE FARMER'S MUSE.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY, &c.

Know then this truth, enough for man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.—POPE.

ODE ON SPRING.

WELCOME, return of grateful Spring,
Of thee my muse shall sweetly sing,
And tune her joyful lays;
Welcome, fair Phœbus, welcome here,
To visit this our northern sphere,
With thy all-cheering rays.

All Nature feels the enlivening power,
Of thy bright beams each shining hour,
And smiles with joy around;
The hills and dales all vocal are,
Nothing but harmony is there,
So sweet is every sound.

Hark, from the trees the feathered choir,
High mounted up aloft in air,
Tuning their sweetest notes ;
Ere I awake they catch the theme,
Ere Sol doth dart a radiant beam,
Soft music fills their throats.

Delightful season of the year,
Thy mornings calm, thy evenings clear,
And pleasant all the day.
Gently by turns descending showers,
Water the ground, then blooming flowers
Adorn the earth most gay.

Charming the prospect to behold,
Each fragrant bud its leaves unfold,
Its beauties all display ;
Through all the season thus they bloom,
And shed around a sweet perfume,
Then fade and die away.

How good is all, how well designed,
To please the sense, to instruct the mind,
And make us wiser grow ;

May we not learn from every flower,
To obey and praise the mighty Power,
That freely does bestow?

Awake, my soul, awake and sing,
With rapturous notes tune every string,
To sound the Author's praise;
All vocal beings join my song,
Man, beast, and bird, a numerous throng,
And shouts of triumph raise.

Sing the eternal Father's name,
Who spread abroad the ethereal frame,
And bade the planets roll;
Who taught the seasons how to change,
Who did the stars in order range,
And still preserves the whole.

1789.

THE NATURAL MAN'S DARKNESS,

OR

THIRSTING FOR KNOWLEDGE.

Oh! my soul, from whence this darkness,
That o'erwhelms thy feeble powers,
Thine eclipse is almost total,
Heavy hang the gloomy hours.

No kind beam my mind to enlighten,
Or to cheer my drooping heart,
All is doubtful, dark, and gloomy,
None to guide me where to walk.

I turn my thoughts, direct my wishes,
Roll my eyes towards heaven in vain;
From those high and happy regions,
I no answer yet obtain.

My mind is still the seat of darkness,
With a painful gloom o'erspread,
Wavering as the troubled ocean,
When fierce winds their fury shed.

Oh, when shall this dire storm be over,
When, these clouds be blown away;
Oh, when shall truth, and light, and knowledge,
Burst on me with open day?

How long shall I be left to wander,
Ere one joyful beam appear,
How long ere Heaven's enlightening influence,
Will my understanding clear?

Oh, thou Source of light, and fountain
Of all day, thou great first cause,
Who spoke, and instant all creation,
Sprung obedient to thy laws.

Sole Author thou of my existence,
Sole preserver of my days,
My God, my King, from everlasting,
Known to thee are all my ways.

Known to thee is all my weakness,
Then hear my prayer and favour me,
Give me wisdom, give me knowledge,
For to know myself and thee.

This is the blessing, this the favour,
That my soul would wish to obtain,
That on thee I might rest securely,
And a peaceful harbour gain.

But, oh, Father, heavenly Father,
Let thy will be done, not mine,
Except my will be all obedience,
And submitted unto thine.

1789.

THE CHOICE.

If e'er in wedlock's silken bands,
It be my lot to join my hands,
All charming be, and free from strife,
The dear companion of my life.

Her soul be near a-kin to mine,
Her carriage gentle, just, and kind;
Serene and cheerful, but not vain,
And naught her virtuous mind to stain.

Ye powers celestial, tell me where
To find this kind, this gentle fair,
That I may fly to meet her charms,
And lodge myself within her arms.

May, 17, 1789.

INQUIRING AFTER GOD.

Desires of an acquaintance with Him, and with one's self.—Fears and Doubts of the Immortality of the Soul, &c.

Oh! infinite Spirit, great fountain of life,
Sole author thou of all existence,
Where dwell'st thou, or where dwell'st thou not,
In what part of thy works hast thou taken
Thine abode, or fillest thou unconfined
Immensity with thy presence? if so,
Great Father of light, surround me not quite
Unperceived, but with thy radiant beams,
Illume my darkened understanding,
And from my mind dispel this heavy gloom.
Oh, let me taste in part thy goodness,
And in part thine all-pervading presence;
Let me feel, grant me wisdom that I may
Know thee, and know myself; make me more wise;—
To live and not to know thee, to be, and by myself
Unknown, is worse than not to be. Fill, then,
(For thou hast raised in me these vast desires,)
Fill with thyself this vacant soul of mine,
For nothing short of thee who formed, can fill

These boundless aspirations of the mind;
Without this aid how am I lost, how lost
Respecting life which I possess, knowing only this,
That I began to live a few years past,
And that I am to live, if I escape
The thousand evils that await me,
A little longer term, till life by age,
Becomes a burthen too heavy to support,
Then to resign it. But, oh, what double
Mysteries appear in view, when to the verge,
Or close of life, my meditations draw me,
And bid me look one step beyond;
Here, here, my thoughts recoil without being
Able to form, even one conception
Of what shall be, or shall not be, when here
I cease to live. Why was I made, and why
Thus wrapt in clay, why was life given,
To be so weak, so short, and so imperfect;
If there is nothing to succeed; and why
A sense of aught that's more exalted,
If nothing better follows; if when this
Short scene of life is over, the tragedy
Is ended, why was it e'er begun?

March, 1791

THE MIND FAMILIARIZING ITSELF WITH DEATH.

Suppose the Judge Supreme, a summons forth
Should issue, unalterable and forthwith,—
To call from among the sons of men, one
Of human race; where, where shall we find one,
Who to obey the heavenly call stands ready;
One, who without fear sees the pale messenger
Advance, and on his grim visage smiles amiably;
Where, one who to tarry longer on earth,
Hath no desire? Speak, my soul, and say;
Could'st thou, unshaken and serene, with joy
Resign thy earthly residence, and shut
With pleasure these eyes on all inferior objects,
To open them on heaven's eternal beauty?
Methinks surprised I hear thee answer, no.
Oh, why so fearful, why afraid to come
Before thy Judge? is it not He that made thee,
And hitherto thy life preserved? is He
Not the same invariable yesterday,
To-day, and forever? yes, surely, He
Is the same and changeth not. Why then
At this time, dost thou distrust his goodness?
Or if not distrust Him, why yet afraid?
Why dreadest thou before Him to appear?

Is it for some misdeed which thou hast done,—
Some dire offence which thou through will or weakness
Hast committed, that makes thee thus to dread
His awful presence? If so, thyself first humble,
With lowly reverence, then His throne approach,
And there remember, that to doubt his pardon,
No less would be, than to suppose Him
Not rich in mercy.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

Where dwells Jehovah? Where the abode of Him,
Whom we name almighty, to whom we ascribe
Omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence?
Oh, stupendous thought! Infinite as space,
Is his presence; and His dwelling-place
Is every where; He is ever with us,
And where He is not, we cannot be.
When we go from home, He leaves us not;
And when we return, He is there before us;
When we lie down, He is present;
And when we awake, lo! He is not gone:—
He keeps us all the day, and by Him
Are guarded, our nightly slumbers.

April, 1791.

THE SOUL PLACING ITS SAFETY IN GOD'S OMNIPRESENCE.

Forbear, my thoughts, and cease to rove,
In quest of nature's sovereign lord;
Behold him placed at thy right hand,—
And at thy left, He there doth stand.

Without, within, and at thy door,
He dwells and guards thee every hour;
Though Him thou canst not plainly see,
His naked eye thou canst not flee.

O'er all His works he doth preside,
In every part he doth reside;
Where He is not, thou canst not be;—
His presence fills immensity!

Cease, then, my soul, forbear to fear
To live, to die; thy God is near.
And with Him thou shalt safely be;—
In life, in death, alike to thee.

April, 1791.

THE EXISTENCE OF GOD MANIFEST FROM THE WORKS OF CREATION.

When I survey this earthly ball,
Its vast extent, and movements all,
Mysterious doth the work appear;
But, oh, how I'm in wonder lost,
When through all space my mind is lost,
And brings the whole creation near.

Unnumbered suns with vital flame,
And stars unnumbered, systems frame,
Moving with rapid motion round;
Through all this work behold we see,
Order and perfect harmony;
No jar throughout the whole is found.

Louder than thunder, these proclaim,
Their great almighty Maker's name,
And speaks His all-supporting hand,
Who raised from nothing every thing,
Who is of life, the source, and spring,
Who on Himself forever stands.

August, 1, 1791.

H Y M N .

THE SOUL THIRSTING FOR LIGHT, WITH DESIRES FOR SUBMISSION.

My God, my God, why dost thou hide
Thyself amongst the clouds?—
Unveil to me thy shining face,
Cast off these sable shrouds.

Oh, let me know from whence I sprang,
And whither I must go:
For what, I'm stationed here so long,
In this dark world below.

Oh, let me know myself and thee,
And all my duty here;
And free my mind from every doubt,
And let thy truth appear.

That cheerful I may run the race,
Which thou hast set for me,
Until my spirit's freed from dust,
And safe returned to thee.

But if through darkness aught I've asked,
That for me is not meet,
Oh, grant it not, thy will be done;—
May I to thee submit.

THE WORLD IN ITS NATURE UNSATISFYING.

Oh, what a world is this in which we live!
From satisfying the desires of the unbounded soul,
So far, that not a day, not an hour,
Nor yet a moment passes, but something's
Wanting; or this, or that, quite out of tune,
And all our busy thoughts employed,
To set the matter right: but ere the work
Can be accomplished, a thousand wants,
Unthought of heretofore, spring up,
And to make us happy, something still is wanting.

FEMALE EXCELLENCY SURE TO GAIN LOVE.

Long have I waited, O, Semanthe,
To find, what lately I have seen in thee.
How did I stand and gaze on thy external beauty,
Charmed with thy natural grace, and comeliness
Of person; but how enraptured were my
Senses when I beheld, the innate excellency
Of thy more noble mind; how exalted,
How refined is every faculty of thy
Superior soul? Surely, such worth, so great,
So rare as thine, can never fail to kindle
Ardent love in the breast of each beholder;
Thus, while I fondly gazed, and fondly wished
Thee mine, a secret prayer stole from my lips,
Directed to the gods, and humbly asked
Possession of the lovely prize.—
But unto them my fate I will resign,
Except they will it so, thou never canst be mine.

Dec. 19, 1791.

THE ADIEU.

Adieu, my friends, adieu ; to every earthly
Object, a long farewell. I feel myself
Departing ; the tender thread of life
Will soon be broke, and I shall be no more.
But, oh, my lovely consort, how can I,
Shall I part with thee? Still, still, death calls,
And I must go. Adieu, my charming friend,
Adieu ; and you my tender babes farewell.
Soon I shall enter the gate, which, when closed,
Shall bar me forever from thy sweet society.
Oh, but for this, no painful feelings
Discompose my mind, nor thoughts reluctant
Harbour in my breast ; 'tis this alone
That gives my dying moments pain,
And makes me part in sorrow. So strong
The tender ties of nature bind me unto you.
But may God grant you blessings, to outweigh
The loss of your dear father ; may virtue
Crown your early and your latter days ;
Unto the care of Heaven I now commit you,
And to death I yield.

Dec. 19, 1791.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH.

"There is no knowledge in the grave, &c."

Dread thought, my soul; death soon will reign;
This fleeting life will quick be o'er;
The sun shall set and rise again,
But I shall sleep and wake no more.

No more shall walk, no more shall stand,
Or sit conversing with my friend,
But lodged in the dark grave's domain,
Where death and darkness ever reign.

And is this all that I shall be,
Great God, or shall I rise to thee,
Arise to life, to glory rise,
And mount triumphant through the skies?

Oh, may I reach that heavenly home,
Where death and darkness never come,
Where all unite to sing thy praise,
And endless hallelujahs raise.

1791.

MARRIAGE.

Let those in Hymen's bands unite,
Whose hearts are drawn by mutual love,
Whose kindred souls are formed alike,
And 'twill a pleasant bondage prove.

But if two minds aversely formed,
Before his sacred altar go,
His silken cords a chain will prove,
To bind them stronger to their wo.

CONTEMPLATIONS ON THE UNIVERSE IN AN EVENING WALK.

When Sol declining, closed the day,
Nor left behind his faintest ray,
And night's black veil around was thrown,
And man and beast to rest were gone—

This lonely hour I walked abroad,
To view the works of Nature's God;
Deep silence o'er the world was spread,
And countless stars their splendour shed,

Though darkness, with its sable train,
Around me held its awful reign,

Yet pleasing thoughts the gloom inspired,
And all my meditations fired.

Towards the heavens I turned my eyes,
To view those wonders in the skies,
Where unconfined my thoughts might rove,
Among those sparkling orbs above.

Millions of stars may reason trace,
Spreading around the abyss of space,
Nor can our thoughts so far extend,
But others still may be beyond.

Impress'd with motion every one,
In rapid circle round they run;
Though without rule they seem to rove,
In perfect order still they move.

Now reasoning with myself I said,
"For what great end can these be made,
Has God but spoke them into birth,
For lamps to light this dusky earth?"

"If so, their distance, why so great,
Why placed at such amazing height,

When one fair star fixed near at hand,
Would better serve to light this land?"

From hence 'tis reason to infer,
That every distant rolling star,
Is some fair world adapted well,
Wherein for various life to dwell.

Fair worlds, like this, which man contain,
Or fairer still, some heavenly train,
Filled with inhabitants divine,
Or natures weak and frail like mine.

None can conceive or comprehend,
How far his goodness doth extend,
Who spreads Himself throughout the whole,
As one divine enliv'ning soul.

March, 1792.

SPRING.

How sweet thy charms, O Spring; thrice welcome thou,
With all thy fair attendants; the little
Feathered songsters, all joyous tune their notes
To greet thy glad return, and nature
Universal seems to smile.

LETTER

TO MISS P. A. ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER.

Narcissa weep not for the dead; nor o'ermuch
Be found to mourn; for you and each of us
Must quickly follow, and all that now is,
Shall soon be done away. Yet, yet some soft,
Some tender parting tears. I know you'll shed,
For your departed brother. Ah, how is he fallen,
In the prime and glory of his youth;
In the morning of his days, cut off; the time—
In which life is most sweet and most desirable,
By a cruel and loathsome disease cut off;—
Suddenly torn from his weeping friends,
Wrapt about in darkness, and shrouded in the grave.
This, this is the fate, this is the end of all.
Mourn not then, Narcissa, nor call his death
Untimely; Heaven's time is always best.
Or would you have the parting day deferred,
Till you, less sensible, or friends less dear
Are grown; if so, think of a time, some future
Period, when you could part without regret,
That time is hard to find; 'twill never be.

No, Narcissa, connections such as these
Are only strengthened by duration.
The longer to us they are continued,
The harder to dissolve. Lament not then
For those who go before you, nor be afraid
To follow them when it shall be your turn.

Jan. 1793.

THE NARROW LIMITS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

How frail and limited are the powers
Of the human soul; as a man confined
In a small room, casting his eyes around him
In every direction, finds his sight
Terminated on all sides by the surrounding walls,
Just so it is with the mental faculties,
Or mind's eye; we view things near to us,
And labour to send out our ideas in search
Of distant objects, but, lo, an impenetrable
Gloom surrounds us, a dark cloud we cannot
See through, our thoughts return confused,
And all, all is hid in the unfathomable
Regions of futurity.

ACROSTIC,

ON AMOS AMES,

WRITTEN FOR HIS SISTER, SOON AFTER HIS DEATH.

A LAS, no age from death is free,—
M ajign the tyrant throws his dart;
O h, cruel stroke he aim'd at thee,—
S trong fixed his shaft within thy heart.

A round, thy friends do stand and weep,
M ourning for thee, but thou art gone,
E ternal joys, we hope, to reap,—
S ecure, we trust, to gain a Heavenly crown.

Jan. 1793.

ACROSTIC

ON MRS. ISABEL HALL, LATE DECEASED.

I N the cold earth entombed, thy body lies;
S oaring aloft towards Heaven thy spirit flies,
A nd guards seraphic 'tend it through the skies.
B ehold at God's right hand a seat prepared;
E nter my rest, ye faithful, saith the Lord,—
L ove and eternal joys be thy reward.

H ow glorious was thy triumph over death!
A dvanced in grace ere thou resigned thy breath,
L ove of thy God enabled thee to sing,
L o, I have gained the victory, death has lost his sting.

Feb. 1793.

ACROSTIC

ON ABNER WEBSTER, DECEASED.

A LAS, dear youth, how late thou flourished fair,
B looming and lovely as the rosy morn.
N ot so thy present state; how changed thou art?
E ffaced, thy glory, all thy beauty, gone,
R eturned to dust, forgotten, and unknown.

W hy must thy morning disappear so soon,—
E re thou arrived at the meridian mark,
B ereft of thee, thy friends, why left to mourn,—
S o early called to shroud thee in the dark?
T hy glass was run, thou could'st not stay death's hand;
E arly or late none can his call withstand;
R esign we must, if Heaven's loud voice command.

April 9, 1793.

ACROSTIC

FOR EDE WALBRIDGE FOBES.

E DE, how youthful, blooming, gay, and fair,
D evoid of wrong, and free from anxious care,
E ndowed with Nature's gifts and graces rare.

W ait not for age those other charms to give,
A ttractive charms that will thy youth outlive ;
L ovely they are, and easily acquired,
B y all applauded, and by all admired.
R emember, learning 'tis, shall make you shine
I n every eye, and all thy powers refine.
D elay not then to gain this golden prize ;
G ive up thy youth to learning, and despise
E ven all that will not make thee great and wise.

F air Virtue's Heavenly voice, if you respect,
O 'er fields Elysian will your feet direct.
B eauties she'll give that will not fade away,—
E ternal beauties to the soul display ;
S eek then those charms that never can decay.

July, 1793.

A VIEW OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS FROM ACRA.

WRITTEN ON NEW YEARS' DAY, AND ADDRESSED TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE ADJACENT SETTLEMENTS BENEATH.

Behold yon Mountain clothed in snow,
There, tempests rise and winds do blow,
But underneath upon this plain,
Let smiling peace and concord reign.

Let private feuds and discord cease,
And every neighbour be at peace,
And Christians all united be,
In bonds of love and charity.

Let diff'rent sects prevail no more,
To cause disputes as heretofore,
Nor let your speech unkind be found,
A brother's feelings thus to wound.

For, lo, the circling years roll on,
And time with us will soon be gone,
When names and sects must all agree;—
The good alone can happy be.

Then let us all one sect embrace,
The kind, the good, Heaven's chosen race,
And joy alike when we shall see,
Our own or friends' prosperity.

So shall our Heavenly garments show,
White as the Mountain's purest snow,
An emblem of her ever-green,
Our blooming laurels shall be seen.

May plenty crown our infant land,
Whilst we, united hand in hand,
Receive the bounties God has given,
And send our songs of praise to Heaven.

1794.

A VIEW OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.

How fair the night; yon ambient sky how clear,
Where myriads of sparkling gems appear;
What are they? Oh, stupendous to conceive,—
Myriads of rolling worlds! who can believe
Them such to be, or rather, who suspect,
If we contemplate the great architect,
Whose power to build is all omnipotent,
Whose skill to frame is too equivolent,
These both exerted, and his building place,
The endless regions of eternal space,—
Oh, wonder-working God! this single view
Dispels each doubt and speaks the idea true.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

What though the soul with passions foul is filled,
And through this world in wide disorder driven,
Her triumph is, death soon shall end the storm,
And land her safe within her native Heaven.

April 29, 1794.

MOURNING PIECE,

WRITTEN FOR LOIS Mc CLARY ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER.

How oft my sick'ning fancy strays,
To yonder solitary rise,
Where cold and mouldering into dust,
My late loved darling Polly lies.

How oft when night's dark curtain's drawn,
While on my bed I seek repose,
My anxious mind dwells long on her ;—
Eve's balmy sleep my eye-lids close.

And when tired nature yields to rest,
And tears and sighs are hushed in sleep,
Imagination hies away,
And round her grave its vigils keep:

Or paints her just before my face,
A breathless corpse with blasted charms ;
Or brings her fair to my embrace,
And locks her close within my arms.

Thus, whilst I sleep and whilst I wake,
She's present to my sorrowing mind;
Alas, too much my loss I mourn,
But I must cease and be resigned.

Resigned to Him who gave the blow;
'Tis for the best she's called away,
To shun those storms that rage below,
Which ne'er infest the realms of day.

May, 1794.

INVITATION TO THE GROVE.

How inviting, how enchanting,
Is the lovely month of May;
Oh, how sweet the charms of Nature,—
Hail, all hail, reviving day.

Now, the barren deserts blossom,—
Now, the fields are clothed in green,—
Every shrub is tipp'd with verdure;—
Oh, how fair the vernal scene.

Come, and let us forth be walking,
Up to yon delightful grove;
Hark, the little birds inviting
Us to join their songs of love.

Hear their warbling—how melodious
'Tis to greet the op'ning dawn;
With what pleasure they are tuning
Notes to hail the rising morn.

"Welcome, this enliv'ning season,"
In soft notes, they seem to say,
"Welcome is the rosy morning,"
As they hop from spray to spray.

Hark, how sweet the lark is tuning
Forth her love-inspiring lay;
She is calling us to join her,—
Rise, my love, and haste away.

Nature all around is chanting,
Hear the universal song;
Come, my soul is filled with rapture,—
Haste and let us join the throng.

See, the meadows deck'd with violets,
Over which our feet shall rove,
See, the path adorned with flow'rets,
Which shall lead us to the grove.

View the charming scene how pleasing,—
Can you still resist its charms?
Nay—you yield to my persuasions,—
Love your gentle bosom warms.

To the grove I will attend you,
There we'll spend the cheerful day;
Oh, how sweet the charms of Nature,
In the lovely month of May.

May 20, 1794.

ACROSTIC

FOR NANCY MACKEY FOBES.

N ot long, my Nancy, ere thou wilt depart,
A nd leave thy friends, thy kindred, far behind;
N ew objects there may captivate thy heart
C all thy attention forth and fill thy mind;
Y et thou wilt ne'er forget those thou hast left behind.

M ay you be blest, my friend, where'er you go,
A nd sweet contentment find in every place,
C onjugal joys and soft affinity,
K indness, benevolence, and every grace;—
E ndearing ties of strictest friendship be,
Y our constant lot, and happy destiny.

F ar from me, Nancy, when you're gone away,
O 'er wilds and deserts as you chance to stray,
B eside some rill or sit beneath some tree,
E ven then shall one short hour devoted be,
S oftly to meditate and think on me.

Jan. 25, 1796.

ACROSTIC

FOR BENJAMIN HINE.

B E peace and friendship here my portion,
E very blessing they can give ;
N or rosy health forsake my dwelling,
J oys without her cannot live,
A nd should kind fortune lend her favours,
M oderate wealth may she bestow ;
I ask no miser's useless riches,
N or fame or honour wish to know.

H owbeit if Heaven would grant my wishes,
I 'd ask one tender friend to share,
N oble and generous, with me each blessing,
E very joy and every care.

March 6, 1796.

ACROSTIC,

FOR TEMPERANCE HORTON.

T RANQUILITY be yours, my friend,
E xempt from sorrow, grief, and care,
M ay every blessing you attend,
P rescribed by Heaven for mortals here;
E njoyments which are past and gone,
R edoubled now to you return,
A nd when you do sit down to rest,
N ew comforts rise within your breast;
C onversant with some social friend,
E ach leisure moment may you spend.

H appy, while thus your minutes roll,
O h, may some kind congenial soul,
R esolve to take you as his own,
T o whom you'll make a due return;
O n him your best affections place,
N o more to change while life shall last.

March, 1796.

ACROSTIC

ON BETSY HOWELL, DECEASED.

B ELOVED friend, alas from us thou'rt gone,
E nclosed in death's cold arms thy body lies ;
'T is all that's left of thee; thy spirit's flown,
S elected early for its native skies ;—
Y es, gone to the grave, and hidden from our eyes.

H ow late sat health all blooming on thy face,
O 'er every feature smiling beauty play'd ;
W hat dire change?—alas, each comely grace,
E xchanged for ravages which death has made ;
L et the grim tyrant boast his powerful sway ;—
L o, thy immortal part he cannot slay.

March, 1796.

ACROSTIC,

FOR NEHEMIAH SPENCER, PRECEPTOR.

N ATURE, 'tis evident, did not design,
E ach rational it made, alike to shine;
H ence different gifts on different men bestowed,
E ach doubtless meant to serve the common good.
M any their brightest talents do disp'ay,
I n war's tumultuous strife where battles bray;
A nd some of different mould, of feelings fine,
H ate war and strife, yet bright in peace they shine.

S ome few there are with parts superior blest,
P ossessed of wisdom fit to rule the rest;
E ndowed with genius, some in arts to rise,
N oble in science, others mount the skies;
C oncentred here your wishes you will find;
E ach day, each hour, is spent to improve the mind,
Rear up the tender youth and give the instruction kind.

April 15, 1796.

THE UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN LIFE,

A POEM,

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF JOHN LOOMIS, WHO WAS CASUALLY SLAIN BY THE FALL OF A TREE, APRIL 21, 1796.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow.—Prov. xxvii. 1.

Boast not, frail man, of future days,
Nor put thy trust in times to come;
Behold, to-morrow is not thine,
Perhaps 'twill waft you to the tomb.

'Tis all uncertainty with thee,
Beyond thy power to ascertain,
What the next rising sun may bring,
Or life, or death, or ease, or pain.

Delay not then all things to do,
Which thou to-day canst well perform,
And boast not of futurity;
To thee to-morrow ne'er may come,

Or should death lingering strike the blow,
Lo, racking pains may tear thy heart,
And thou be most unfit to make,
Thy preparations to depart.

Both life and health uncertain are,
And death's attacks we cannot learn;
Protraction, then, ah, how absurd,
In things of infinite concern.

Behold, a youth in prime of life,
Sudden, and awful! snatched away;
Death unto him no warning gave,
Sure proof, alas, of what I say.

As usual when the morning smiled,
He to his labour did repair,
Thoughtless of death ere his return,
As all his gay companions were.

But, ah! that fatal falling tree,
By Heaven directed on his head;—
One moment, lo, in health he stands,
The next, he's numbered with the dead!

With sore dismay the minds were filled,
Of those who witnessed this event;
Struck with surprise they stood aloof,
The deathful object viewed intent.

Fearful, and trembling they beheld,
Flow from his head the crimson stain;
The tragic scene their strength subdued,
And filled their hearts with grief and pain.

But, oh, what pen can truly paint,
The feelings of his mother dear,
His brothers, sisters, tender friends,
When they the mournful tidings hear.

"Alas," the widowed mother cries,
"How fast my woes, my sorrows come,
The partner of my life just gone,
Now wrapped in death I view my son."

"Great was my loss; my cause of wo,
Was great when he was called away;
By him the cares of life were soothed,
In him my trust and comfort lay."

"And you the children of his care,
In him a tender parent found,
A friend, a guide, to lead you on ;—
Through him, success your labours crowned."

"Why is our grief so soon renewed ?
Ere we had scarce refrained our cries,
In mourning for your father dear,
Lo, death has closed your brother's eyes."

Their tears afresh begin to flow,
The children wring their hands with pain ;
Joining with hers their mingled cries,
They mourn aloud their brother slain.

But cease, dear mourners, cease to weep,
Or over-much your loss to mourn;
Submit to Heaven, obey the call ;—
Prepare to follow in your turn.

Still, nature will demand your sighs,—
To weep for him you can't forbear ;
Permit me then to join with you,
And drop a sympathetic tear.—

As falls the grass before the scythe,
  As fades the lily of the vale,
And as the tender trembling reed,
  Bows low before the rising gale—

So fell this youth no more to rise,
  So every mortal soon must fall,
The time, though distant, seems a while,
  Yet death's our portion, one and all.

'Tis no prerogative of man,
  To shun the tyrant's fatal dart;
His barbed arrows wound alike,
  The aged and the youthful heart.

Since then this earth a resting place
  For us by Heaven was not designed,
Let all prepare to make the exchange,
  With fortitude and peace of mind.

Happy are those who ready stand,
  Who look on death without surprize;
Released from earth their souls shall soar,
  To brighter mansions in the skies.

PHILENA'S LAMENTATION,

FOR THE LOSS OF HER CHILDREN.

Alas, how faded are my joys,
How blasted are my hopes to come,
Two lovely children from me torn,
And lodged within the lonely tomb.

Oh, cruel death, why didst thou aim,
At me this deadly-piercing blow;
Why heap on this poor troubled heart,
A double share of grief and wo?

Why didst thou snatch these tender babes,
So early from their mother's arms,
Nor give them time to blossom forth,
And spread around their riper charms?

Just in the dawn of life they fell,
A prey to death's resistless arm;
No earthly power could them preserve,
None shield them from the direful storm.

Thus some sweet flowers in early spring,
Put forth their buds, but ere they bloom,
A chilling frost pierces them through;—
So found my babes an early tomb.

How oft with fondness have I smiled,
To see their infant charms arise,
To see the roses in their cheeks,
And beauty beaming from their eyes.

I marked the spring of all those charms,
Which, when matured by years to come,
When changed from infancy to youth,
Would into maiden sweetness bloom.

Fond fancy drew the fairest scenes,
And traced them through a length of years,
But, ah, fond fancy oft deceives,
And turns our joys and smiles to tears.

She flatters first, to raise our hopes,
Of joys more lasting, more refined;
Then mocks our expectations raised,
And leaves a deeper sting behind.

Ye mothers fond, who doat too much,
On these dear pledges of your love,
Who too have known the loss of them,
My griefs ye know, but can't remove.

Yet come and join with me your tears,
And while with sympathy we mourn,
Our mutual sorrows we'll assuage,
And resignation strive to learn.

But, ah, my dear, my much-loved babes,
Although these eyes no more shall view,
Your lovely forms, yet I must come,
And o'er your tombs must weep for you,
And take my last farewell, and bid a long adieu.

Oct. 9, 1796.

THE PLEASURES OF THE COUNTRY,

SUPERIOR TO THOSE OF THE TOWN.

TO MISS BETSY T., NEW-YORK.

FANN'D by the summer's gentle breeze,
Beneath the cooling shade I write,
To the fair Betsy, and indite,
My song amongst the trees.

A pleasant prospect lies in view,
Around the waving forests seen,
And adjacent the meadows green,
Such scenes were not destined for you.

No, Betsy, no, while we enjoy
Nature, with all her opening sweets,
You're close confined to narrow streets,
And scenes unchanged, which soon must cloy.

No verdant field or beauteous wild,
Or flowery mead is seen by you,
Nor singing birds except those few,
Enslaved, and hence their songs are spoil'd.

Here liberty and nature reigns ;—
The little songsters of the grove,
All fearless tune their notes of love,
And sing in unmolested strains.

The town such pleasures ne'er can yield,
Nor aught so pleasant or so gay,
For what can barren art display,
Compared with nature's fruitful field.

How sweet the charms of rural scenery,
You've tasted, and can you deny,
But that the country does outvie,
The town with all its boasted finery ?

ACROSTIC,

FOR ELIZABETH HAYES, WRITTEN IN SPRING.

E NLIVENED by the returning Spring,
L o, the birds do sweetly sing ;
I n each grove and on each tree,
Z ealously they chanting be.
A ll nature's blooming fresh and gay ;
B leating herds do skip and play ;
E very field is clothed in green,
T he morning calm, the eve serene,—
H ow delightful is the scene.

H ow just our youth with spring compares,—
A ll is serene, and free from cares ;
Y outh nothing troubles, but how soon,
E lapsed our spring, our summers gone,
S tern wintry age comes hast'ning on.

1796.

HYMN.

Descend, great God ; but stay, thou'rt here,
Thou canst not go, thou canst not come,
Thy presence is spread every where,
All space is thy eternal home.

All nature speaks thy forming hand,
The flowers that bloom, the grass that springs,
The life that fills the sea and land,
That mounts the air and sweetly sings ;

The sun that's clothed with lustre bright,
And sheds round his effulgent rays ;
The moon that shines with fainter light,
And every star thy power displays.

Each place attests thy being near,
And smiles in thy superior light :
Thou show'st thy power in all things here,
Yet hidest thyself from mortal sight.

Oh, draw the veil that hides my God,
And let these eyes his face behold;
Dispel, dispel, these dark'ning clouds,
That my Creator does enfold.

Or if such bliss was ne'er designed,
For mortal man whilst here below,
Oh, grant me faith to reach the skies,
And thee hereafter let me know.

ACROSTIC,

FOR ANNA HAIGHT.

A s on the stream of life along you sail,
N o cares, no ills, your gentle bosom wound,
N o storms molest your course, but peace, and health,
A nd sweet content, forever bloom around.

H eaven be your guide and guardian all the way,
A nd unto you its choicest favours lend,
I n rich abundance, and among the rest,
G rant you the blessing of a faithful friend,
H is soul with yours in strictest union join,
T o crown your wishes and your joys refine.

April 19, 1797.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

Hail, hail, thou great surrounding source of life,
Exhaustless fountain of all existence,
Nature's universal soul; how is it,
That we behold thee extended and diffused
Through all this wondrous work of thine,
And yet thy being cannot comprehend?
Do not we see thee vegetate in every plant,
Shine forth in every star, and to every
Animal art thou not the breath of life?
We even feel ourselves a part of thee;
And that without thee, we never should
Have thus enjoy'd our being; and, thou, abstract
From this thy work, we never can conceive!
Oh, what an endless blooming field is nature,—
Ever rising, ever falling, every part
Must rise and fall, but all at once can
Never, never fall! I feel myself
A little blossom expanded on a brittle stem,
That stem shall soon be broke, the blossom
Soon decay, and, oh, what scenes are then to follow,
When death's dark curtain shall be drawn around,
The breath of life gone out, and all
This elemental system quite dissolved,

Ah, then shall all be lost, shall every
Faculty become extinct, or shall this
Little conscious spark survive the general
Wreck, escape the ruined citadel, and fly to thee,
Its source divine, as a long-lost child returns
To the bosom of its tender parent,—
So return to thee, its common Father,
There to feel those blissful sensations,
Which from thy presence flow, and which alone
Can make it Heaven indeed?

WINTER PIECE,

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

Now dreary winter holds his icy reign,
And spreads o'er all the beauteous face
Of nature, one continued desolating scene.
All faded are the groves; their foliage
Withered and gone, save on the lonely fir
And lofty ever-greens, through which the wind
Swift flies with melancholy sighs, and seems
To mourn with me the departed autumn.
Ah, lovely, richly laden season,
All that the gaily blooming spring can boast,

Or growing summer can disclose at once,
Is ripened into thee; but thou art gone,
With all thy treasure gone, and instead of
Thy mild breezes and gentle falling rains,
Cold blows the northern blast, and bleak the eastern wind,
Fast falls the fleecy snow, and swift the rattling
Hail descends, and all the wintry tempest
Heaps upon the ground; the fields are barren all,
And silent, all the groves; no flower is seen to spring,
Nor song of bird is heard; the little winged
Songsters, made wise by nature's laws, have left
Their cold retreats to seek a warmer clime;
Thrice happy clime, how oft I wish myself
Transported thither, for there no wintry
Storms e'er blow or fleecy snow descends,
But one perpetual summer ever reigns,
And one eternal verdure clothes the ground;
There nature all the season round with more
Than lavish hand her richest fruit bestows,
While from the hand of man small labour she
Requires to aid her on.
Oh, how unlike to these cold northern climes,
Where half the year is spent in toiling hard,
To gain sufficient store to fill the maw,
Of all-devouring winter; and happy

Him we call, who gains this store with all his toil:
Happy indeed, thrice happy the swain whose
Dwelling stands secure, and bids defiance
To the wintry storm, whose ample store provided,
Bids him fear no want, whose peaceful breast
No anxious thoughts invade, who knows no care
Save what he feels for the well-being of his
Lovely bride or little blooming offspring;
And these unlike to other cares, whene'er
They rise, do fill his soul with pleasure,
Not with pain; but cares like these, nor you nor I
Can know for we no lovely blooming bride,
Or tender offspring claim.

DEATH.

Of death, that haughty tyrant old, from whose
Envenomed shaft, nor age, nor sect, is free,—
Of death, that king of terrors dire, who rules
With sway tyrannic over all the sons of earth,
And lays the kings and potentates thereof
Beneath his conquering feet, I sing;—
But, oh, how ill prepared, the muse, to touch
This mournful theme; my mind with anxious cares
Of life surcharged, involved in troubles oft,

And oft disturbed by passion's baleful storms ;
But thou, whose word the wind and sea obey
Thou, at whose voice the rapid whirlwinds hushed
To peace descend, descend, and sweetly calm
The tempest of my soul, descend, and with
Thy Heavenly influence aid me, whilst
I sing this melancholy song ; so shall
I sing of death as well becomes a mortal,—
As becomes even all who do ere long,
Expect——to yield as vanquished at his feet ;
And all must yield, not one, or young, or old,
Exempt, to him the proudest knee shall bow,
The strongest arm submit, the gayest forms
Shall be with his cold arms encircled round,
And all that rises into life, shall
Or soon, or late, be lodged in his embrace ;
Each day, each hour, and moment speaks aloud
The truth I sing ; the voice of death how oft
We hear, 'tis ever sounding in our ears,—
War pestilence, and famine, (for death has
Various means his end to gain) their millions
Do devour, we hear of thousands that in
Battle fall, ten thousand thousand more, by
Raging pestilence swept off, and famine,
Ghastly famine, not so frequent, quite a

Stranger here, yet more fatal its effects
Where known, than pestilence or war; yet war,
How dire, how dreadful death in war appeared,
When late Columbia's beauteous shores were
Stained with blood, her noble sons, espousing
Freedom's sacred cause, went forth, fought, and fell,
Contending for the rights of man, they fell
A sacrifice to death; those rights which God
And nature gave to man, and bade him keep,
And which Britannia's tyrant sought to take away;
Britannia's tyrant, fitly called, death's agent;
Kings are all in league with death, and when his
Own arms too slow of havoc prove, he calls
These agents to aid his cause. Behold him
O'er foreign realms now fiercely striding;
With slain, his haughty steps are marked, and kings
His instruments of slaughter are.—
Oh, how traitorous man will side with death,
His common enemy, against his fellow-man!
This makes death's visage horrid, seen in war;
And though less horrid, painful still it is,
The tyrant's steps to trace, when he walks forth
In his own armour clad, in pestilence
All clothed, how late, how fearful he advanced
And struck, with terror struck the hearts of

Philadelphia's frighted sons, threatening
Destruction dire, to all that numerous host;
Thousands beneath his feet did fall, and tens
Of thousands before his awful banner flew ;
Thereby escaping, as doomed by fate, his
All devouring jaws ; and now death's rage abated,
And all returned again to their loved homes,
Behold the sorrowing scene ! friends weeping
O'er buried friends, and relatives o'er relatives
So dear, what numbers asunder torn, who
Have long time enjoy'd that most endearing tie,
Which binds two souls in one, and makes their
Mutual happiness on each dependant ;
Than those, none do more justly mourn.
Fond parents too, how many grieve their children lost,—
Sweet babes, their mother's deaths lament, and
Many too their fathers, an orphan'd host.—
But these are deaths at distance, and distant deaths
Alarm us not; look nearer then, and look at home
In the small circle of our friends ; full many
Deaths we see; witness young Helen's late abrupt
Departure, and Myria's sudden fall ;
Young Myria fair, her mother's darling,
The well beloved of all her friends, how soon,
How sudden was she called, so young, so gay

She was, and flushed with life, her sparkling eyes
Did beam forth lustre and health, rosy health
Sat blooming on her cheeks, and seemed to promise
Fair, a length of happy days ; alas, how soon
Her days are at an end, her morning sun
Eclipsed, eclipsed in night, in darkness which
Exchanges here for day no more.—
How solemn was the night, when awaking from sleep
I heard her father's voice sounding in my ears,
"Arise, Myria is dying !" I rose, I hasted unto her,
And though, ere I arrived, the cold hand of death
Had fastened on her; still, still I see him
Draw his sable veil over her lovely features,
Closing her eyes in darkness, and blasting
Every charm. How solemn was the scene?
How moving to behold her weeping friends
Stand round—her mother fond, all bathed in tears,
Mourning the loss of her departed child,
Her daughter sole, her only well beloved,
Refusing to be comforted, for death
Her peace had slain, and thus overwhelmed with grief,
She made her moan. Oh, death, relentless death!
How hast thou wounded sore my bleeding heart,
In cutting off so soon, this tender plant.—

This lovely, tender plant, on whose future growth
My joys so much depended, thou, most
Unwelcome visitant, why did'st thou call
Ere she had time to bloom—ere she had grown
Mature, and we had shared a little longer
Each other's friendly aid. Ah, hapless babe!
How sudden art thou snatched away—torn from
These bleeding arms, that used so eagerly
To clasp thee to my breast? But they shall clasp
Thee now no more; how quickly art thou faded?
Yesterday all hale and sprightly, a clay
Cold corpse, to-day. Oh, the dire change! how my
Heart bleeds at sight of thee! still, I cannot
Cease to gaze; these eyes that used to look on thee
With so much pleasure when alive, do view
With more than tripple anguish thy cold remains.
But what avails my anguish, or my sighs,
Lock'd fast in death's embrace, thou sleep'st secure,
Regardless of thy mother's sorrows, tears;
What now remains for me? Naught but to follow
Thee to the cold damp vault,—the dark and
Silent grave, there to see all that is left
Of thee, deep covered o'er with earth, where thou
Must lie, and mix with thy original, the dust,
And take my long, my last adieu.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE BELIEVERS IN A PARTIAL SALVATION.

Ho, ye strong professing Christians,
Satisfied you seem to be,
That God has wrought out your salvation,
But has none in store for me.

"Why," I ask you, and you answer,
"'Tis because you don't believe,
'Tis because you don't leave sinning,
That you mercy don't receive."

Let me ask another question,
Let me crave an answer too,
"Had you faith, and left you sinning,
Ere God's grace assisted you?"

"Was He or you the first great mover,
Did He stir your backward heart,
Or did you without His stirring,
Rise and act this better part?"

"No," you'll answer, "God forbid it,
'Tis the gift of His free grace,
None can do aught to obtain it,
None of Adam's fallen race."

Still you'll plead that God assisting,
Every one may find the way,
God sends to all his striving spirit,
Some reject, and some obey.

By why should I refuse obedience,
And expel the heavenly guest,
When you, who are as bad by nature,
Bid him welcome to your breast?

You will not hold a double portion,
Of the spirit sent to you,—
You will not hold that God is partial,
Or inclined favour to show.

Then if we are alike by nature,
And alike assisted all,
We shall all alike be saved,
Or alike we all must fall.

But here you'll plead predestination,
And the sov'reign right of God,
To act His pleasure with His creatures,
To give the blessing or the rod;—

To form His vessels as He pleaseth,
As the potter mouldeth them,
Unto honour or dishonour,
Some approve and some condemn.

You hold, that ere the world was formed,
Ere he made a single soul,
He had a little chosen number,
Then selected from the whole;

And that in time he will redeem them,
And the rest must wretched be,
No power of Heaven or earth can save them,
They are doomed to misery.

This admitted where's the blame then,
Which shall on the creature fall,
If he has not, or obeys not,
This pretended Heavenly call?

You say that 'tis because he will not
Hearken to this Heavenly voice,—
Not because that God decreed it,—
His decree don't make our choice.

He has made us all free agents,
Leaving it with us to choose,
The blessing he has set before us,
Or as freely to refuse.

I ask then, where's fore-ordination,
What is meant by God's decree,
Are our actions all included,
Or a part,—come answer me.

"True," you'll say, "God fore-ordained,
Whatsoever comes to pass;
Throughout the world among his creatures,
Nothing did his notice pass."

"The means and end were both appointed,
Fixed by God's unchanging will,
Nor will, or can they ever alter,
While He's power them to fulfil."

If this for truth be also granted,
And the truth must e'er abide,
I see no room for will, or will not,
On the helpless creature's side.

Fate has fixed his every action,
Though he seemingly be free,—
'Tis heaven alone holds out the motive,
And he acts conformably.

This is truth, and this is reason,
If God's providential skill,
Be held the world's great regulator,
Or his pre-ordaining will,

How absurd then is the system
Of religion, that doth doom
The greater part to endless misery,
Ere they flow from nature's womb.

This undeifies the Deity,
Makes a demon, not a God;
Of every attribute it strips Him,
But the power to wield the rod;—

But His power of causing evil
To a great majority
Of the creatures which He's formed,—
What a dreadful deity!

Why will you paint Him in such colours,
So fearfully make Him appear,
Why call Him not our friend and father,
And ourselves His children dear?

And if you must embrace some system,
If some mode of faith must have,
Respecting our estate hereafter,
Think that God the whole will save.

View Him full of love and mercy,
Willing all our happiness,
And believe whate'er He willeth,
Finally will come to pass.

This His care and love extendeth,
Far as His works are spread abroad;
This restores to Him the kingdom,
Makes Him universal God.

DEDICATION

OF THE MEETING HOUSE IN ACRA.

FATHER, we dedicate to thee,
The house our hands have made;
Receive the offerings that are here,
By thine own children paid.

Be often known to meet them here,
And bring them near to thee;
Thy frequent mercies let them taste,
Thy goodness let them see.

Incline their hearts to love thy ways,
Thy works are every where;—
Extend their charity as far,
As thou extend'st thy care.

Drive prejudice from aged minds,
And folly from the youth,
Give unto all, both old and young,
A knowledge of the truth.

Unite them all in bonds of love,
Let peace their portion be,
That as a band of brothers they,
May join in harmony.

So shall all praise redound to thee,
From every land and tongue,
And every creature join to raise,
The universal song.

Oct. 1799.

THOUGHTS ON TIME AND DEATH

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE DEATH OF LOIS MC CLARY.

Inscribed to her sister Anne Darby.

How fast the changing seasons whirl away,—
Hours, days, and years in swift succession roll,—
Time's rapid flight no mortal hand can stay,
But time with us shall cease and death pervade the whole.

Behold a twelve-month now is gone and past,
Since a cold breathless corpse our sister lay;
Perhaps this circling sun may prove our last,
Though fate to us has not revealed the day.

Oh, could we always ready stand to meet
  This king of terrors when he's pleased to come,
And as a friendly messenger him greet,
  That would conduct us to our peaceful home.

But if our doubts and fears we can't allay,
  Let's call those dear and tender youths to mind,*
Who have before us gone to pave the way;—
  In their example we'll instruction find.

No anxious thoughts disturb'd their peaceful breasts,
  No interest strong their souls to earth did bind,
And death in them seemed only sleep or rest,
  So sweetly to their fate were they resigned.

Oh, why then wish to live till we are old,
  If we by living cannot learn to die,
But multiply our fears a thousand fold,
  As we our age and years do multiply.

If it be hard to meet death in our prime,
  If with our years our ties to earth increase,
Those happiest are who live the shortest time,—
  To die in infancy's, to die in peace.—*Jan. 4th*, 1800.

* Polly and Clarissa.

THE FALL OF EMPIRES.

Has not old Egypt mouldered down,—
And likewise ancient Greece and Rome,—
And France and Britain both must fall,
For time and death will conquer all.

America, though in her youth,
Shall one day feel this solemn truth,
And see herself in ruins lie,
Yea, all that life receive, must die.

ACROSTIC

ON GEORGE WASHINGTON, DECEASED,

WHO WAS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, DURING THEIR CONTEST WITH, AND DISUNION FROM, GREAT BRITAIN. THEN CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF SAID STATES, AND AFTERWARDS LIEUT. GENERAL OF THEIR ARMIES.

HE WAS CONSIDERED AS THE PROTECTOR AND REDEEMER OF HIS COUNTRY FROM THE GALLING YOKE OF BRITAIN, AND UNIVERSALLY ESTEEMED AND LOVED AS A FATHER BY HIS CONSTITUENTS.

G REAT hero, thou art gone,—but still thy name
E ndures and shall endure while time remains;
O h, could thy virtue, that reproach to crowns,
R emain on earth to bless thy ransomed sons.
G reat was thy wisdom,—love of country great,—
E qual to guide in war, or rule in state.

W ho shall stand equal on the lists of fame,
A nd with great Washington the laurel claim?
S hall Europe's, Asia's mightiest heroes dare,
H old forth their actions and with his compare?
I nferior all in worth, if not in name;
N one ever merited so just a fame.
G reat is his country's loss, and many a tear
T o his remembrance yearly shall be shed;
O h, may we ne'er forget this patriot dear,
N or cease to mourn the much-loved Hero dead.

Jan. 1800.

ACROSTIC

FOR MISS LUCY CARTER.

L ET wisdom and virtue, my friend, be your aim,
U nblemished your honour, unsullied your name;
C onsider while young that on these in the end,
Y our peace and your happiness for life must depend.

C oeval with time, charms like these shall endure,
A nd give to your age joys delightful and pure;
R espect and esteem from the worthy you'll gain,
'T is the merit of goodness, and few will refrain;
E ven a tribute of praise which is given to few,
R eserved but for virtue, shall be paid unto you.

8 1803.

ODE TO INNOCENCE.

Sweet innocence, thou Heaven-born guest,
Come deign to dwell with me,
Thy lovely handmaid, cheerfulness,
Shall not long absent be;
For there is none like thee to banish care,
To lull our anxious thoughts to rest,
And keep us from despair.

By thee our pains are lighter made,—
And hard adversity,
Affects us not, if thou art near,
No humble poverty,
For contentment sweet, like an endless feast,
Shall fill life's page, in every stage,
And guide our days with peace.

But every blessing, O how sweet,
In company with thee,
How perfect must the banquet taste,
If thou a guest shall be;
But without thee, there is no true joy,
'Tis innocence with health and wealth,
Give bliss without alloy.

March 8, 1801.

ADRESS TO MAN.

Hail, lonely stranger, ideal wanderer,
Whither wouldst thou stray in thine imagination?
It is in vain.—What though thou rov'st in thought,
To distant worlds, or soaring high, should raise
Thyself to Heaven, those worlds, this Heaven,
Thou canst not comprehend; or musing, would'st
Thou range the illimitable void, end,
Or beginning, thou canst not find, or place
Whereon to rest: when first thou awoke to reason,
Thou found thyself ashore, on this
Contracted sphere, from whence, or how thou came,
Or whither goest, to thee alike unknown;—
But not unknown thy fate, while here, a life
At best but short, yet filled with care and pain,
Is all thy portion. This thou knowest by sad
Experience taught, by sad experience
Also taught, thy end, but what, that end
Thou never canst conceive.

Jan. 1805.

THE RAMSOMED SINNER'S SONG,

OR,

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER.

Come, thou chiefest friend of sinners,
Make us now thine only choice,
Often didst thou strive to win us,
Whilst we would not hear thy voice.

Never, never cease thy striving,
Till we give our all to thee,
Fill our hearts with grace reviving,
All thy goodness let us see.

If any long who have not tasted,
Grant a fulness they may have,
Let not praying breath be wasted,
Whilst a sinner thou can save.

We are sinners, now we own it,
Sinners to the last degree ;
But our pardon thou hast won it,
Won it on the painful tree.

There it was thou paid our ransom,
There it was for us thou died,

There thou purchased robes so handsome,
All our shame and guilt to hide.

This thou didst without desiring,
Without our asking, it was done,—
All thou art of us requiring,
Is to put the garment on.

Oh, how great thy condescension,
Love, beyond what angels knew,—
Yes, 'tis past their comprehension,
'Tis what angels could not do.

Come, then, chiefest friend of sinners,
Lovely Saviour, mighty King,
Tune our hearts, and tune our voices,
Whilst thy praises we would sing.

Come, all you who are redeemed,
Join, the anthem high to raise,
You who are his best esteemed,
Sing your kind Redeemer's praise.

'Tis for him all Heaven rejoices,
He's the theme of saints above,—

Come, then, while we raise our voices,
Let our hearts be filled with love.

HYMN ON SLEEP.

Author of sleep, come close these eyes,
And let me quiet rest,
Until the morn resplendant rise,
And be my morning guest.

Restored to health, if I awake,
Or labouring with disease,
My health a blessing thou canst make,
My sufferings thou canst ease.

But one rich gift deny me not,
'Tis patience for to bear
With manly fortitude my lot,
Nor let a worm despair.

Then, tune my heart to sing thy praise,
And fill me with thy love,—
So shall the remnant of my days,
A heavenly banquet prove.

Written in time of ill health.

HAPPINESS.

Hail, happiness, thou fleeting phantom, hail,
How long shall I pursue, yet not o'ertake thee?
Ten thousand days, I've lived, yea, many more,
In none of which I've tasted unalloy'd,
Thy blissful stream; still thou art amiable
In advance, and only in advance, thou
Shewest thyself to us, there displaying all
Thy charms, as if courting our pursuit, but
Ere we can arrive to where thou seemest to
Take thy stand, thou art gone like some coy
Goddess, fled, as if a single touch from
Mortal hands would blast thy every charm;
Still, there is hope in store, hope, that on some
Future day we shall o'ertake thee; delusive
Hope—how oft hast thou deceived us—cheated
O'er, and o'er, and o'er again, by thee, thee
Still we entertain, as a well beloved
And welcome guest we hug thee, nor will relinquish,
Though so oft thou hast deceived. Oh, Happiness,
What art thou but a name, when misapplied
To mortal man; rather art thou not a beam,
Shot forth from that exhaustless fountain, the
Streams of which can never fail to allure

Us on from stage to stage, commissioned not
To suffer once a full embrace from man,
Till thou hast safe conducted him to that
Eternal source, where he may drink
And never thirst again.

ADDRESS, &c.

Almighty God, thou source of life and health,
To all, could'st thou deign to impress on this
Cold, unfeeling, this light, and unstable
Heart of mine, that warmth and that firmness,
That energy, which is so necessary to
Constitute the easy, the useful, and
The happy man, how unspeakable
Would be the gift; but thou governest
The universe by general laws, and
Workest no miracles in favour of
Individuals, hence it may be impiety
To ask it, if I am what thou wouldst have me
Be, make me content; if not, make me such.

THE BANKS OF CHENANG.

On the Banks of Chenang, when I as a stranger,
First made my arrival at the old castle hall,
Its ruthless appearance bespoke it forsaken,
And the joys which it promised me, seemed to be small.

But, ah, how agreeably was I disappointed,
When entering I saw the dear face of a friend,
Who welcomed me there with her smiles and her blushes,
And in token of friendship presented her hand;
Though many cold, comfortless days I had travelled,
Through wilds and through forests which seemed without end,
Yet a moment like this, compensates my sorrows,
So sweet is the sight and the smile of a friend.

Hail, hail, lovely friendship, thou soother of sorrow,
The stranger's best solace when far from his home,
Thy charms they can make the dark wilderness pleasant,
And drive from the deserts their own native gloom.

'Tis by thee the lone walks are now become social,
Where the bow of the savage was once heard to clang,
The war-hoops now changed for the sound of the viol,
And friendship resides on the Banks of Chenang.

Jan. 1805.

ODE FOR NEW-YEAR, 1805.

Hark, hark, a heavenly voice I hear,
Its solemn accents strike my ear,
And seem to say, another year
Is past and gone.

Alas, how swift our minutes fly,—
Those little arch deceivers cry,
"We are but small, let us pass by,
And heed us not."

And thus by them we are deceived,
Till hours are wasted unperceived,
Not one of which can be retrieved,
Though great their loss;

For hours to days do quickly turn,
And days in swift succession run,
Till months are formed, and months when gone,
Make up our years.

And all our years are but a few,
Then let each one awake and do,
And strive to get life's business through,
Ere 'tis too late.

That we, whene'er our end shall come,
May welcome death, nor fear the tomb,
But be prepared to meet our doom,
With tranquil hearts.

FRIENDLY UNION.

Come, citizens and friends so dear,
Who can assist to sing draw near,—
And you that cannot, lend an ear,
And let us banish hate and fear,
And live in friendly union.

What though we cannot comprehend,
Our own beginning or our end,
Yet on one Power we all depend,—
Our favours flow from the same hand,
Which intimates a union.

Why should the Turk the Jew contemn,—
The Jew the Christian reprehend—
And Christians every sect condemn—
But those who think alike with them—
And thus destroy their union?

Why quarrel thus about a name?—
Are not men every where the same?—
And all are more or less to blame;
But those are most deserving fame,
Who best promote their union.

God is the father of us all,—
Our mother is this earthly ball,—
Should not the children great and small,
Each one, the other, brother call,
And live in perfect union?

No parent can delight to see,
His children plunged in misery,—
But rather they should happy be,
And live in love and harmony,
And thus cement their union.

Fair virtue's path if we attend,
She'll guide us safe unto the end,—
Then every soul let us befriend,
And charity to all extend,
And thus perfect our union.

Soon may this be our happy case,
All hate and discord then shall cease,
And love and universal peace,
Begin unconfined in every place,
And form an endless union.

Dec. 1805.

THE BENIGHTED MIND THIRSTING FOR LIGHT.

PROTECT, O God, thy wandering creature,
Lost in this mysterious gloom,
Dart a ray of thine effulgence,
And this darkened mind illume.

Long have I been, Almighty Father,
Hungering, thirsting after thee,
Searching all the book of nature,
Still thou hid'st thyself from me.

Do not thousands taste the blessing,
And in thee rest satisfied?—
Why, oh, why then, Heavenly Parent,
Must I ask and be denied?

Thou know'st my secret meditations,
When I walk the lonely field,
Or when from toil my wearied nature,
To the downy pillow yields.

Oft dwells on thee, but, ah, how fruitless,
Every wish and every sigh,
My harp must hang unstrung and useless,
Until my God shall draw more nigh.

Remove, remove this painful doubting,
Fix, oh, fix my wavering soul,
Rend the veil that hides thee from me,
Grant me once to see the whole.

Then shall my soul break forth in raptures,
And thy praise in transport sing,
But my harp can't sound thy glory
Till thou tun'st its every string.

Nov. 1805.

REFLECTIONS ON VIEWING THE SKY.

And when I turn my eyes away,
To yon sublime ethereal blue,
I to th' apparent boundary say,
"Celestial curtains, what are you?"

Nought but the limits of the eye,
And were I but transported there,
The distance of this seeming sky,
Would be as great as from me here.

This leads me to the august idea,
Of time and space which know no bound,
A pleasing but dread eternity,
A vast and fathomless profound.

Oh, is there, can there, must there be,
One soul which fills this dread abyss,
If so, how less then nought are we,
Compared with such a power as this.

While humbled in the dust we fall,
One thought should every mind console,
We are the parts however small,
Which go to constitute the whole.

And if this soul the whole pervades,
Preserves and keeps, then safe are we,
Secure to reach the destined goal,
To spend that loved eternity.

L OF C.

1806.

ACROSTIC

FOR MRS. ESTHER TORREY.

E NDOWED with a mind enlivened yet gentle,
S ensible, tender, and kind,
T hough sorrows assail, yet resigned in affliction,
H ere are proofs of a soul well refined;
E ndeared by those virtues, from thy partner may you,
R eceive in return the affection that's due.

T hough the day may seem dark, and o'erclouded the sky,
O h, may the time come when all tears shall be dry;
R emoved all the causes of sorrow from thee,
R estored to bright reason, thy daughter may be,*
E ven all a fond mother could wish or desire,
Y ea, and all that a father as fond could require.

Williamstown, Feb. 1807.

*The intellect of this child had been destroyed by fits.

WINTER PIECE,

WRITTEN FOR ELMIRA SAYRE.

See, winter comes with hoary head,
The mountain's top is white,
The flowers that decked the fields are dead,
The birds have ta'en their flight.

If we look back a few months past,
We see the blooming spring,
All nature was rejoicing then,
The birds did sweetly sing.

The meads were clothed in lovely green,
Spangled with flow'rets gay,
And every grove and every field,
A beauteous scene display.

Fit emblem this of short-lived man,
His youth is like the spring,
Gay as the lark, he like her soars,
And tunes his notes to sing.

But old age comes on apace,
And withers all his bloom,
Strips the fair mantle from his face,
And lands him in the tomb.

But when the winter's past and gone,
Lo, spring returns again,
So on the resurrection morn,
Shall man awake and reign.

Awake and reign with him who gives
The life that all enjoy,
His youth shall be immortal then,
His bliss without alloy.

Nov. 20, 1808.

PRAISE.

The Lord he reigns, let earth rejoice,
Let men united lift their voice,
While angels stoop to join their lays,
In one eternal shout of praise.

A WALK TO THE BURYING GROUND.

WRITTEN FOR ABIGAIL SAYRE, ON THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER AND THREE SISTERS.

Where would you go, my little dear,
"I'm going, sir," said she,
"Where lies my little brother Sam,
And where, my sisters three."

"Where is your little brother Sam,
And where your sisters three?"—
"They lie beside my mamma, sir,"—
"Your mamma,—where is she?"

"They put my mamma in the ground,
Way up on yonder hill,—
I go to see where all are laid,—
Come, go sir, if you will."

"Why would you go, my little dear,
The lonely tombs to tread?
'Twill only make you weep I fear,
Those friends of yours are dead."

"I know they're dead, but then I love,
To go where they do lie,
And over them my tears to shed,
For I myself must die.

"And when I'm dead, I shall be laid,
Beside my little brother,
And then I hope to see again,
My sisters and my mother."

"How can you see them in the ground,
Where all is dark as night,
And you are dead,—those little eyes,
Cannot discern the light?"

"But Pa has often told to us,
That when good children die,
Their souls abide not in the dust,
But up to Heaven fly.

"And now I hope I shall be good,
And see again my mother,
And join once more in Heaven above,
My sisters and my brother."

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS HANNAH BREWSTER.

H ow sweet the return of the spring?
A ll nature seems joyous and gay,
N ot a broken or dissonant string,
N ot a murmur is heard in the lay.
A ll the brutal creation in harmony sing,—
H ail, hail, lovely season, all hail, lovely spring!

B ehold here, oh man, is a lesson for you,
R emember, thy tribute of love which is due;
E nlightened, exalted, thy debt is the greater,—
W ithhold not thy voice then from thy God and Creator;
S ince he has exalted thee so high in thy station,
'T is thy duty to sing louder than the rest of creation;
E ach power and each faculty should be spent in his praise,
R efined thy devotion, and exalted thy lays.

Nov. 1809.

MAN.

See the compound creature Man,—
How he's towering to the skies,
If a moment hence you view him,
Grov'ling in the dust he lies.

Nothing now but Heaven and glory,
Satisfies his vast desires;
Soon, alas! all faint and weary,
Deep in his own filth he mires.

Thus shall he rise and fall alternate,
Whilst united to his clay,
When from this he's disencumbered,
He shall mount to realms of day.

Freed from all his sin and sorrow,
Freed from all his care and pain,
On the shores of light immortal,
He in endless bliss shall reign.

Nov. 1809.

ACROSTIC

FOR MISS DEBORAH KNEELAND,

OCCASIONED BY HER UNION WITH THE CHURCH.

D IVINE are the riches, and pure is the treasure,
E ternal in the Heavens above,
B y a Saviour provided, and bestowed without measure,
O n those who keep their first love.
R estored from your wanderings, if happily you are,
A nd have gained a title to an inheritance fair,
H is praises forget not who has made you an heir.

K eep a diligent watch, and oft examine thy heart,
N or again from the truth let it ever depart;
E lect from the world, should it court you again,
E lude all its wiles, its promises are vain;
L et that beautiful attire which you have put on,
A dorn your whole life, and be every day worn;
N or soil it with sin, nor by backsliding offend.
D o this, and with joy you shall endure to the end.

Dec. 18, 1809.

ACROSTIC

FOR MISS POLLY MULFORD.

P RONE to wander, as we journey
O n in life's delusive way ;
L ong by promised joys deceived,
L ong by trifles led astray,
Y et with fondness here we stay.

M ust our hearts be always wedded
U nto earth's deceitful toys ?
L et us rather feel a passion
F or divine and lasting joys ;
Oh, could we look away beyond the skies,
R elinquish earth with all these meaner ties,
D etached from them, our souls to Heaven would rise.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME,

ADDRESSED TO MISS MAHITABLE SAYRE, IN COMMEMORATION OF THE FATAL BURNING OF HER FATHER'S HOUSE, BY WHICH FOUR OF HIS CHILDREN WERE LOST; THIS AWFUL CATASTROPHE TOOK PLACE ON THE NIGHT OF THE 23TH OF JAN., 1809, AND THESE LINES WERE COMPOSED FOR THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY THEREOF.

Behold the pompous march of time,
Swift and majestic is his gait,
In his right hand a sword he bears,
And in his left the book of fate.

He turns the leaves from day to day,
And each event unfolds to view,
Just as by Heaven recorded there,
Though to blind mortals seeming new.

Fast as the names of those appear,
Whose little glass of life is run,
Instant his mighty sword he rears,
And cuts the destined victims down.

His arm, all powerful, none can stay,
Nor turn the fatal stroke aside,
For, lo, 'tis written in his book,
And we the sentence must abide.

Within this awful volume then,
Our names are writ and fixed our end;
Oh, could we wish to know the page,
That page in which our own's contained.

Ah, no, this light we could not bear,
Such knowledge would increase our wo,
Hence, Heaven in mercy has concealed,
All things unfit for us to know.

On this same morn, a twelve-month past,
Could you the evening page have read,
Seen the events recorded there,
How would your tender heart have bled?

'Tis done, 'tis past, and why should I,
Scenes so distressing call to view?
'Tis not your feeling mind to wound,
The painful subject I pursue.

No, but 'tis good for us to turn,
And think on those who lead the way,
To death's dark mansion-house, the grave,
Where all are hast'ning every day.

'Twill to the melancholy mind,
A soothing, solemn pleasure give;
Teach us to prize the worth of time,
And learn us better how to live.

January, 1809.

AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY.

Hail, hail, once more, the annual morn
Of that great day, on which were born
Thousands to freedom, who declare,
Or liberty or death to share.

Though ages since had rolled away,
Yet we would ne'er forget the day,
Nor cease to sing its deeds sublime,
And hand them down to latest time.

When tyrant hordes in dread array,
Along our coasts and harbours lay,
Threat'ning destruction, fire, and sword,
To all who disobey their word;

'Twas then the souls of men were tried,
'Twas then the sons of freedom cried,
With voice united, we declare,
Or liberty or death to share.

Then, instant a heroic band
Stood forth their country to defend,
They fought, they bled, but victory won,
And purchased with their lives a crown.

A crown of glory, which shall last
Till time's remotest periods past;
Then shall their names unsullied rise,
And live immortal in the skies.

Ho, all you veterans still alive,
All you who fought, but did survive
Your many, many brethren slain,
Their country's freedom to maintain.

Come, teach your children as they grow,—
Yes, early teach them all to know
The laurels by a Franklin won,
And all the deeds of Washington.

Inspire them with a holy flame,
With liberty's endearing name,
That when you to the grave descend,
Her sacred cause they may defend.

Instruct them oftentimes to turn
Th' historic page that they may learn
The grand achievements you have wrought,
The blessings which for them you bought.

Then shall they oft recal your name,
With rapture oft rehearse your fame,
And cause your virtues to descend
From sire to son, till time shall end.

Long, long shall they revere the day,
When ages hence have rolled away,
On which their fathers did declare,
Or liberty or death to share.

1810.

ACROSTIC

FOR GIDEON NOBLE JUDD.

G REAT is the theatre on which we stand !
I ts vast dimensions,—who can comprehend ?
D oes not the blue expanse which spreads around,
E xtend on either hand, without a bound,
O pening to man a scene sublimely bright ?
N ew wonders, piled on wonders, strike his sight.

N or were those glittering stages reared on high,
O nly to shield our heads, or deck the sky;
B ut each a numerous throng of actors bears,
L imited and fixed to their respective spheres,—
E ach for themselves live their appointed years.

J udge not the builder thou, oh, impious man,
U ntil you fully comprehend his plan ;
D oes He not live, and build alone for all ?—
D own at his footsteps then, in humble rev'rence fall.

ACROSTIC

FOR MISS PEGGY VANDYKE.

P oor are the pleasures which sin can bestow,
E nding in sorrow and leading to wo;
G reat are the joys which from virtue arise,
G lorious and lasting as eternity the prize,
Y es, this will conduct us in peace to the skies.

V ain, however, will be all professions,
A nd our lamps will go out if we have no possessions;
N ow would you be ready when the bridegroom appears,
D o not sleep on your post, but be diligent and sincere;
Y ou must constantly watch with trembling and fear,
K eep your lamp trimmed and burning till you hear the glad word,
E nter ye faithful into the joy of your Lord.

September, 1811.

CXXXIXth PSALM.

Lord, my heart is known to thee,
Every action thou dost see;
My rising up and sitting down,
Thine eye surveys whate'er is done.

All my thoughts to thee are known,
Long before they are my own,
Not a word escapes my tongue,
But to thee 'tis fully known.

Thou pervad'st the path I tread,
Thy circling arms compass my bed,
Where'er I turn my eyes, I see
Thy watchful hand is laid on me.

Sure such knowledge is too great,
'Tis beyond my dark estate,—
Higher than I can attain,
To attempt it would be vain.

Whither, whither shall I run ?—
Thy spirit, Father, would I shun;
Where, oh, where can I abide?
From thy presence would I hide.

If to Heaven I arise,
Thou inhabitest the skies,
If I make my bed in hell,
There in anger thou dost dwell.

Mounted on a morning ray,
Should I fly beyond the sea,
There thy hand would me arraign,
And thy right hand my life sustain.

To the darkness should I cry,
Hide me from his piercing eye,
Lo, the night would turn to day,
And at his presence flee away.

Yea, the darkness of the night,
Cannot screen me from his sight;
The gloomy night and shining day,
Both shall prove alike to thee.

For my reins thou hast possessed;
Thou my infancy didst bless;
Thou didst guard my youthful days,
For which I give thee lasting praise.

I am a wonder of thy skill,
Formed by thy sovereign will,
Marvelous the work to tell,
And that, my soul doth know full well.

Thou my substance didst survey,
When in darkness long I lay,
Till by thine all-forming hand,
I was fashioned into man.

Thou my tender frame sustained,
While imperfect it remained,
And in thy memory kept secure,
My feeble limbs till grown mature.

How delightful are the ways!
All thy favours merit praise;
Should I count them, they are more,
Than sands which form the ocean's shore.

In the morning when I rise,
Be thou still before mine eyes.
Let thine arm the wicked slay,
Or drive them from me far away.

They who treat thee with disdain,
They who take thy name in vain,
I would hate them, and despise,
All who do against thee rise.

Search me, Lord, and try my heart,
Look into my inmost part;
There, if any sin remain,
Cleanse, oh, cleanse the hateful stain.

Lead me in that heavenly way,
Which conducts to endless day,
Where my soul in purer lays,
Shall sing thine everlasting praise.

1812.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS HARRIET BLANCHARD.

H ow fair and how lovely is truth,
A ll glorious her face to behold ;
R espect her then whilst in thy youth ;
R emember, she has treasures untold.
I n life she will guide you to safety and peace,—
E ven death, she will conquer, and his terrors make less,
T hen conduct you above to permanent bliss.

B lest are the youth who her precepts obey,
L ed on by her counsels their feet shall ne'er stray;
A dorned with the robes of innocence fair,
N o ill shall o'ertake them, for God will be near.
C ome then, lovely maiden, seek early the prize ;
H ow amiable in youth to be good, great, and wise,
A wake and improve all your days as they pass,
R esolved be to conquer; 'tis a glorious race ;—
D elays may be dangerous, and deceive you at last.

GOD'S PRESENCE, THE LIFE OF THE SOUL.

A HYMN.

Eternal life, my God,
Is only thine to give;
Then sweetly draw me unto thee,
And bid my soul to live.

Oh, rend the dark'ning veil,
That shuts thee from her sight,
Break through the gloom, and smile on her;
Ineffable delight!

She cannot live from thee,
Thou art her life and breath,
She knows and feels that absence is
Inevitable death.

Then let her see thy face,
For thine own sake appear,
Wash her impurities away,
And stamp thine image there.

1812.

THE DYING MAN'S FAREWELL.

FAREWELL this world, I must be gone,—
Death's awful summons bids me go;
The solemn moment's hast'ning on,
When I must leave all things below;—
Farewell, oh, world, a long farewell.

Farewell, dear partner of my life,—
Farewell, the joys I shared with you;
May Heaven protect you here on earth,
And be your God and husband too,—
Farewell, my dearest friend, farewell,

Farewell, dear pledges of my love,
Your tender years may heaven bless:
Love and obey your mother dear,—
She'll guide you on to happiness;
Farewell, my lovely babes, farewell.

Farewell, my kind and social friends,
Weep not for me; it is in vain;
Heaven grant that we, in eternal bliss,
May all hereafter meet again,
Farewell, my friends and all, farewell,

1808.

BREATHINGS OF THE SOUL, &c.

ETERNAL fount of glory,
Satisfy my longing soul;
Oh, sweetly draw me to thee,
Make my broken spirit whole.
Teach me to sing thy praises,
Till my days on earth shall end,
Then let my soul triumphant,
To thy blissful courts ascend.

Fountain of eternal glory, light, and love,
Forgive my innumerable transgressions,
And all my departures from rectitude;
Check the strong propensities of nature
To evil; draw and enable me to walk
Nearer to thee, and form my soul to thy
Image; she is ravished with thy beauty;
Then shall she be satisfied, when thou
Shall cause her to awake in thy likeness.

1812.

ORDINATION HYMN.

GREAT God, to the we turn our eyes,
On thee our sole dependance lies,
Smile on thy churches here below,
From thee their blessings all must flow.

Great prince of peace, thou shepherd King,
While we attempt thy praise to sing,
Stoop from thy gracious throne above,
And fill our hearts with grateful love.

From thee we did receive our birth,
Thy fostering care has caused our growth,
And now thy bounteous hand has given,
A guide to lead us on to heaven.

A faithful watchman may he be,
And witness thus he comes from thee,
Clothed in thine armour may he stand,
The walls of Zion to defend.

Crown with thy blessing from above,
His works of labour and of love,
Give him to see his fold increase,
In numbers and in every grace.

Unite their efforts with his own,
To build a church of living stones,
Fair as the moon may they appear
And beauteous as the morning star.

Oh, let their heaven be here begun,
And when their work on earth is done,
Their joyful souls shall be removed,
Up to thy blissful courts above.

Great prince of peace, thou shepherd King,
To thee our offrings now we bring,
To thee we dedicate our lays,
Accept our thanks, accept our praise.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

STAND forth, my soul, shake off thy sloth, withdraw
Thy thoughts from each terrestrial object,
And turn thy meditations to the skies,
Behold the splendid majesty of this
Nocturnal scene, this brilliant canopy,
This more than arch triumphal; 'tis the gay
Frontispiece to nature's universal volume.
And art thou smitten with the beauty, the grandeur
Of this first leaf, this single page; how then
Would transport seize on thee, were the whole volume
Unfolded to thy view; but the whole volume
Thou must ne'er behold; no finite mind has
This prerogative. Could thy powers expand
Swift as the gliding meteor's motion
Through untold ages, yet the time would ne'er
Arrive when thou couldst say, "I found an end"—
Or turned the leaf, on which the Almighty
Architect has written "here ends the volume."
No, worlds beyond worlds, and systems behind
Systems, would, in endless order rise, and
Overwhelm thy yet contracted powers.

Then wake, my soul, awake, wake all thy powers,—
Tune thy celestial harp till every string
Shall feel a tension high as it can bear;—
Then sing the eternal builder, whose wisdom
Planned the grand machine,—whose hand upholds,
whose
Finger turns its every wheel—sing the depths
Of that exhaustless fountain—fountain of
Unfading beauty, from whence all lesser
Beauties flow—the source from whence all that has been,
Is, or shall be, has been, is, and must be
Still derived. First, pause, and, in silent adoration,
Look to Him who must supply thee;—
Let a sense of this, thy sole dependance,
Clothe thee in robes of deep humility,—
Garments which so well become thee; love and
Adore Him, while His attributes you sing:
Infinite goodness, wisdom eternal,
And power which knows no bound, united all
One character to form, forms endless beauty;
All that is desirable, or lovely, is here;
Here, whatever is rich or valuable is found;
Here, the hungry soul may feed—the thirsty, drink—
The naked, find a covering—here, the blind
Receive their sight—the wretched find a friend—

The sick and wounded, a Physician.
Even the highest seraph cannot name,
Or feel a want, but here can find its fullest
Satisfaction. Then, wake afresh my soul,—
All rationals, awake, and chant His praise.
Or, are there those who make a claim to reason,
Whose souls are not on fire, who kindle not
At such a theme, or did the grand idea
Never reach their frozen bosoms,—if so,
How cold, how dead, how unintellectual,
How unborn to all that is beautiful,
To all that is sublimely great or good;
Dead in trespasses and sins, fearful, and
Ashamed to behold the light, or surely
This majestic scene, this grand display of worlds,
Would ere now have called forth their attention;
Fair worlds, perhaps, and yet unstained by sin;—
Oh, happy climes, if such there be, where the
Fell monster never shed his baleful influence,
Oh, blest inhabitants of such a clime,
Where all is peace, and harmony, and love,
How beautiful, and blest, that kingdom where
Naught but holiness is found; how deformed
And miserable that, where sin alone
Holds reign; how emphatically is the former

Designated as Heaven ; how fitly
The latter denominated Hell. No place
Is Heaven to the creature in a state of sin.
In a state of holiness, none can be hell.
God is holiness, love, truth, and beauty;
With his approving smile each place is heaven,
And in his absence every place is hell.
Oh, source divine of all, or good or fair,
Into thy holy keeping take my heart,—
Cleanse it from all impurity and sin,—
Suffer not my feet in forbidden paths
To wander, lead them in the ways of wisdom
Which are pleasant, and whose paths are peace,—
In the beauty of holiness, establish
Them forever. 1813.

LINES, FOR MISS P. MULFORD,

ON HER LEAVING HER FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY, TO REVISIT HER NATIVE LAND, L. ISLAND.

Adieu, my friends, I go once more,
To see my native land,
To great Long-Island's fruitful shore,
And tread its sea-beat strand.

Where first I drew my infant breath,
And opening life received,
Where fond parental care and love,
My youthful wants relieved.

Where many too, of riper years,
I passed in sweet content,
While soul to kindred soul was bound,
By friendship's sweet cement.

Oh, happy days, when without fear,
Our little social band,
Could on the ocean's bosom sail,
Or walk its lovely strand;

Or, on a cloudless morn, behold
Its boundless waters spread,
And see the sun, majestic rise,
Out of his misty bed.

Such scenes of native grandeur, here
Present themselves to view,
Each soul that sees must raptures feel,
And feel devotion too.

But, ah! these scenes no longer charm,—
The haughty foe appears,
To fill each heart with dread alarm,
His bloody standard rears!

Both peace and safety now are fled,
And with them every joy,
Or every cup of pleasure's mix'd,
With fear's impure alloy.

Dear native land, might I but find,
On my return to thee,
Sweet peace returned, the foe withdrawn,
And all thy borders free,

My absence then, would only serve
To render thee more dear,—
Each joy redoubled would return,
When banished every fear.

Ensanguined race, how long wilt thou
This vengeful strife maintain,
Man be an enemy to man,
And death and terror reign?

When shall sweet peace, that heavenly guest,
Revisit every shore,
Pervade all lands, fill every breast,
And leave the world no more?

When man no longer loves to drink,
Of sin's polluted stream,
Then peace, and love, and joy shall be,
The never-ending theme.

Haste, haste, thou blest, millennial day,—
Commence thy blissful reign,—
Bid sin and sorrow cease from earth,
And Eden bloom again.

May, 1814.

THE ROSE BUD; OR, LITTLE BETSY.

When we see the buds of roses,
We expect them soon to bloom,
Soon to see their leaves expanding,
Soon partake their rich perfume.

So when infant charms beholding,
We anticipate their growth,
Fondly we expect to see them,
Put their lovely blossoms forth.

But, alas, the buds of roses,
Pierced by some envenomed worm,
Often on their stems do languish,
And to flowers never bloom.

Thus it is with charms infantile,
Tender as the budding flower,
When a prey to fell diseases,
Oft they wither in an hour.

May Heaven protect sweet little Betsy,
Avert from her this early doom,
Keep her infant charms expanding,
Till they to maiden sweetness bloom.

May Heaven still be her protector,
Guide her youth, support her age,
To its holy joys admit her,
When she leaves this earthly stage.

July, 1814.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MRS. ALMA UPHAM.

A s through this vale of tears we stray,
L abour, anxiety, and pain,
M ake up our lot; thorns strew our way,
A nd pleasures here are sought in vain.

U nloosed from earth, then lift your eyes,
P ursue those lasting joys above,
H igh in those realms beyond the skies;—
A ll there is peace, and joy, and love,—
M ay these your never-ending portion prove.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS HANNAH ALMIRA HUNTINGTON.

H ow shall I direct your feet,
A mid the snares which youth surround,—
N o poet's skill can here avail,
N or human recipe is found,—
A ll is danger where you tread,—
H idden ills hang o'er your head.

A lmira, would you shun them all,
L isten now to wisdom's call;
M ighty wisdom, she will guide you,
I n the road that leads to bliss,—
R everence but her sacred precepts,
A nd you will find happiness.

H ark, methinks she now invites you,—
U nattentive can you prove?
N othing, sure, is half so charming,—
'T is the voice of purest love;
I n her gift are power and riches,
N or will she deny the wise;
G reat and lasting are her treasures,
"T urn to me and live," she cries;
O h, lovely maiden, hear her charming voice,
N or on a lesser beauty fix thy choice.

ACROSTIC,

FOR HANSY BLANCHARD.

H ow pleasant are the years of our youth,—
A h, could we but always be young,
N ot so however is the truth,
S oon, soon we decay and are gone,—
Y es, the glass of our lives is soon run.

B ut, alas, how few do we find,
L iving as though death was at hand,
A ll sensible that time when elapsed,
N ever more would be at command.
C ould we but be wise in our youth,
H ow rich might we be in our age,
A s the stream glides smoothly along, we might go,
R ejoicing in health till life's latest page,—
D escend then in honour, and peace, from the stage.

FAME.

I ASK not for thrones and kingdoms on earth,
Nor a fame which of perishable materials is made,
My soul has long sighed for a heavenly birth,—
She thirsts for a glory which never can fade.

TO MY HEART.

Peace, thou rebel, not a murmur,
'Gainst thy sovereign's holy will,
He has ordered all things wisely,
This remember and be still.

If he send, or rain or sunshine,
Calm or storm, or what he will,
Know that what he sends is wisest,
Safest, best,—and be ye still.

If he wound thee, think it needful,
Else he would not thus chastise ;—
Causeless, he cannot afflict thee,
Who is holy, just, and wise.

To find fault's to impeach his wisdom,—
'Tis in thee presumption's height ;
Henceforth cease thy impious murmuring,
All he does is surely right.

And would'st thou tranquil be, and happy,
Trust thy little all to him,
To his every dispensation
Sweetly say, amen, amen.

FOR MISS L. PORTER.

OCCASIONED BY THE FOLLOWING CIRCUMSTANCE: OBSERVING TO HER ONCE AT THE SETTING OF THE SUN, HOW BEAUTIFUL AND SERENE THE SKY APPEARED, SHE REPLIED, IT WAS NOT SO MUCH MATTER IF OUR SUN WAS SOMETIMES CLOUDED OVER IN DAY TIME, IF IT DID BUT SET CLEAR, HAVING REFERENCE TO THE CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

What if our sun should rise obscured,
And run all day behind the clouds,
Yet at his setting hour appear,
And by his bright effulgent ray,
Open to us immortal day,
And show our kind admittance there;

On terms like these, who would not live,
And life as a rich gift receive,
From the benignant Maker's hand?
Though moral darkness cloud our way,
And sin and death upon us prey,
Yet light and joyous be our end.

What though, this life should only prove,
The first beginning of his love,—
A prelude fair to endless bliss,
When he his glory will unfold,
When we his beauty shall behold,
And taste increasing happiness;

Is this the lot of a poor worm,
Whose feeble light begins to burn,
In the vile filth of flesh and blood,—
I will exult that I have been,
In spite of death, and hell, and sin,
And triumph in my Saviour God.

DEATH.

And what is death? the end of being here,—
A sweet exemption from life's toil and care,
The end of all anxiety and pain,
A world exchanged for Heaven; 'tis endless gain
To the just,—

WINTER.

See nature all clothed in her winter's array,
The tops of the mountains are deluged in snow,
Over the fields the white mantle's extended,
And all the plains are covered below.

The trees are now stripped of their beautiful foliage,
The birds gone to seek some milder domain,
And instead of their notes, the loud wind is roaring,
The rills are bound fast, in their cold icy chain.

How changed is the scene from the gay smiling summer,
When gardens and orchards were in their bloom,
When the fields and the meadows appeared in rich verdure,
And bright smiling sun-beams the long day illume.

Now far from our clime, the bright orb has retreated,
The day is cut short and seems but a span,
The dark freezing night is to great lengths extended,
A dreary scene, both for beast and for man.

But if we look forwards the prospect is cheering,
The smiling spring will soon return,
The snow will dissolve, the cold wind will cease roaring,
And joyful nature cease to mourn.

The birds will return and again tune their voices,
The gardens and orchards again will bloom,
The fields and the meadows renew their rich verdure
And sweet-scented flowrets the air perfume.

Then cheer up, oh, man, let the prospect delight thee,
Remember the summer will come again;
Were it not for this view, oh, how should we languish!
But hope is the balm that relieves our pain.

Yes, this is the solace that latest forsakes us,
Surrounded with sorrow, 'tis man's surest friend,
When afflictions o'ertake him he looks away forward,
And lives on the hope that his troubles will end.

So when the cold winter of age creeps on him,
He looks away to that brighter morn,
When all his powers shall be re-animated,
And light unremitting the scene adorn.

Oh, when the last sands of my life are expended,
May angels conduct my spirit above,
To dwell in the presence of Him who formed it,
And bathe forever in seas of love.

Dec. 1816.

JEWS' CAPTIVITY.

When on the banks of Babel's stream,
We sat and mourned our captive state,
To weep for Zion was our theme,
And sigh alternate o'er her fate.

Our harps were on the willows hung,
Our cheerful notes were turned to wo,
While foes exulting asked a song,
And those rejoiced who brought us low.

"Come, give us one of Zion's songs,"
They said, and laughing, mocked our grief,
Oh, God, on them avenge our wrongs,
And from this bondage give relief.

Ah, how can Salem's daughters sing,
Thy songs, O Zion, when enslaved,
Alas, how touch the warbling string,
'Mid strangers, and of home bereaved.

Oh, lost, yet loved Jerusalem,
If e'er my soul should faithless prove,
To the remembrance of thy name,
Or seek than thee some other love;

Let this right hand forget its skill,
Eternal silence seal my tongue,
Let me in bondage still remain,
And tune my harp to heathen songs.

Oh, God of Zion, bare thine arm,—
Hast thou not promised Edom's fall,
Who said "we'll raze Jerusalem,
Down, down to its foundation wall."

Daughters of Babylon, ye stand
Close trembling on the brink of wo,
Thrice happy the avenging hand,
That for our sakes shall bring you low.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS ELIZA CONE.

E LIZA would you shun the road to death,
L ong life enjoy, and health, and peace on earth,—
I f higher joys attract thy youthful eyes,—
Z ealous for glory would you mount the skies,
A dore, love, and obey Him who alone is wise.

C ome listen to his counsels while in youth,
O pen thy heart to holiness and truth,—
N ew light shall enter then from day to day,
E nsure thy bliss on earth and heavenward point thy way.

July 19, 1819.

THE MURDERER.

Inhuman wretch, what hast thou done,
What canst thou do thy guilt to atone?
Lo, thy bleeding victim dies,—
His blood to Heaven for vengeance cries;
Aghast, methinks I see you stand,
The bloody weapon in your hand,
With fearful look and haggard eye;
Fly, wretch, ah, whither will you fly?
Go where you will, this mangled corse,
Will rise and intercept your course;
Should you escape man's erring hand
Awhile, and haste to some far land,
'Mid strangers to conceal your guilt,
This victim's blood which you have spilt
Will follow you erelong, and there
Oft in your frightful visage stare,
Guilt the dire inmate of your breast,
Will on your countenance be imprest,
In lineaments so strong and clear,
Even strangers may read the murderer there,
And you at last with tortured soul,
Confess your guilt and own the whole.

Thus, Heaven's unerring eye directs,
A way the murderer to detect,—
What motive, say, what mighty meed,
Could tempt you to the horrid deed ?
Accursed gold, is this the bane,
For which a brother you have slain,—
Destroyed thy peace, thy life, thy all,
And to the shades of hell confined thy soul?
Undone, mistaken, wretched man,
Repent, yes, if repent you can,
Atone you cannot, and too late you see,
How sweet the dregs of poverty,
With innate peace, the joy sincere
Which flows from innocence, and knows no fear,
Compared with all ill-gotten gain,
A guilty conscience, knawing pain,
Is hell.

Jan. 1820.

LINES FOR THE ANNIVERSARY FAIR AND CATTLE SHOW,

GREENE COUNTY, 1820.

This feastful morn invites our lays,
And wakes our hearts to grateful praise;
A tuneful anthem let us raise,
To Him who crowns the flowing year.
Behold the bounties of the skies,
Abundant harvests, rich supplies
Of food and raiment, greet our eyes;—
The Hand that gives let us revere.

Will not each soul exulting say,
"Devout thank-offerings let us pay,
On this our annual festive day,
To Him from whom our blessings flow?
Angels descend on cowering wings,
And aid us while we strive to sing,
The grateful praises of your King:—
In mortal choruses below."

Oct. 18, 1820.

ACROSTIC,

FOR ANN MINERVA HUNTINGTON.

A PPLAUSE would you gain, my dear Ann, be not vain,
N or too fond of the world's empty show,
N or without just occasion give any one pain;—

M odesty and tenderness never forego.
I n the prime of your life improve every hour;—
N ever forget the importance of time;
E mployment, if useful, possesses the power,
R ound the brows of its votaries, a wreath to entwine;
V irtue, and wisdom, and wealth it acquires,
A nd brightens the soul with unfading fires.

H ealth and beauty, lovely pair,
U nknown but to the industrious fair,
N or can a grace of any kind,
T o this family be joined,
I n any wise without employment.
N or is there any one enjoyment,
G iven by Heaven to idle hands,—
'T is against its high commands;—
O h, then be wise, redeem each fleeting day,
N or let a moment pass misspent away.

Nov. 1820.

ACROSTIC

FOR MISS OLIVE MARTIN.

O h, would you, endearing stranger,
L ong avoid the paths of danger,
I n the bloom of life begin,
V irtue's ways to travel in;
E ver keep your garments clean.

M ay Heaven dispense to you the sweetest hours,
A nd gild your way on earth with peace and love,—
R ound all your pathway strew its choicest flowers,
T ill life shall end; then to its courts above,
I n glory admit you where the joys that flow,
N or change, nor end, nor diminution know.

Dec. 1820.

ON AGE.

What has decrepid age to fear from death,
Or hope from life, should Heaven prolong our breath?
Nothing on either hand; death ends that pain
Which living age shall hope to shun in vain.
The longer we journey on in life's lone way,
The sharper our sufferings grow from day to day,
Our youthful spirits dry, and joys all fled,
Tedious and tiresome is the path we tread;
Nor hope remains from aught the earth can give;
Age lives by halves, or only seems to live.
Not so with youth,— a thousand charms invite,
Their sprightly steps, their fondest loves unite;
The world's before them, hope is on their side;
Their bark sails with, and not against the tide.
Just the reverse with age; life's ebbing tide,
Nor briskly flows along, nor smoothly glides,
But loitering slowly through the obstructed veins,
Each limb, each nerve, must feel a thousand pains,
Diseases lurk through all the shattered frame,
And aches untold, the muse could never name,
Are daily felt, nor hope from earth remains;—
The grave's the only refuge from our pains.

Thence then this dread of death, even in age,
When life's exhausted to its latest page,
And nothing but its baleful dregs are left,
Of every comfort, every joy bereft?
Oh, death, thou king of terrors, how we dread
Thy cold embrace, thy gloomy courts to tread,
Where darkness broods, and night perpetual reigns;
How nature shudders at thy icy chains?
And why? because frail nature sees no light,
Beyond the tomb no end to death's dark night.
Here reason fails farther her way to trace,—
Dread annihilation stares us in the face.
And is there then no hope, no cheering ray,
No promised rescue from death's wretched sway;
No light before the soul, no lurid dawn,
No sweet, no blissful resurrection morn.
Yes, there is light, a ray shot down from Heaven
To cheer the soul by God in mercy given.
Religion bursts the gloom, and points the way,
To an hereafter, an eternal day.
Come then, blest Power, come with thy healing art,
Pour all thy balm to soothe the aged heart;
Bring comfort with thee, and salvation bring,
From sin, and draw from death his torturing sting.

BYRON.

TRANSCENDANT genius! yes, and art thou gone,
Down to the shades of death forever ;
Far from thy home, with strangers and alone,
That home which thou shalt see no more, no, never.

What powerful cause induced thee thus to rove?
Was it to seek that peace thy home denied?—
Say, didst thou fly from unrequited love,
The worst of ills which human life betide?

Or did a nobler theme inspire thy breast,—
The cause of suffering Greece, and Scio's doom?—
Was pure philanthropy the kind behest,
That drew thy wandering feet so far from home?

If so, 'twas generous, 'twas nobly done,
A sacrifice the great alone can pay ;
And one such deed, methinks it should atone,
For many offence upon that trying day.

And here, the meed to merit, genius, due,
Though envy grudge it thee, the just shall pay,—
The generous Greek will shed a tear for you,
And mourn o'er fall'n worth, untimely snatched away.

And long remember how the stranger came,
Espoused his cause with time and interest too,
And down to future ages hand your fame,
And teach his children's children thus to do.

COWPER.

Enraptured bard, thy heavenly lay,
Has charmed my ravished soul, away
From earth, and turned to the skies.
Some angel hand attune my lyre,
Help me to catch thy sacred fire,
And with thy kindred spirit rise;

Father of mercies, thou who givest the light,
Heal our infirmities, restore our sight,
That we thy everlasting truth may see,
And find our immortality in thee,
With exultation then, we'll smile on death,
And when thou biddest us, gladly yield our breath.

1820.

THE FALL OF SCIO.

Ah, hapless Scio, helpless, hopeless, fallen Scio!
The tyrant's arm has passed over thee,
And thou art desolate; than thee, there was
None among the isles more beauteous,
None fairer to the eye, or richer in
All life's comforts; but now, alas, thy fairest
Fields are waste, thy dwellings low in ashes,
Thy temples prostrate, and wide-spread ruin
Covers all the scene. Oh, would to God, this
Were the worst,—that this were the end, thy tale
Of woe is not begun; where are thy children?
Thy sires, thy sons, thy daughters, where?
All whelmed in one fate, death, or slavery,
Worse than death. Oh, God, thy arm is stronger
Than the despot's, yet thou sufferest things
To be thus on earth! with sympathy we

Yearn for the sufferings of our fellow
Mortals, then turn to thee a tearful eye,
And ask thee wherefore ; but inscrutable
Are thy ways, and thy counsels veiled in darkness.
'Tis man's to perpetrate, but not to know ;
And shall he ever know ? shall dark futurity
Dispel the clouds that veil his understanding,
And shew him why his breast was fired with
Jealousies eternal, throughout his short
Sojourn on earth ; and why he grudged to his
Brother mortal, a share of that boon which
Heaven so liberally designed for all ;—
And what impelled him to wage perpetual
And indiscriminate war against his
Offending or unoffending brother,
And wished to extirpate him from the earth,
And left untried no effort, till the deed
He had accomplished, or shared himself the
Same avengeful fate ? Oh, could he once but
See his folly, and cease to persecute
His race, and learn the blest science, to do
To others as he would wish that others
Do to him, then peace henceforth should reign,
And earth would bloom an Eden once again.

TO THE MOON.

Moon, I cannot come to thee,
Though thou shinest so bright on me;
Though the path lies plain to sight,
And all the way seems paved with light,
Still I cannot come, and why?
Because I cannot climb so high.
Beside, thou never art at home,
Long enough for me to come;
Ever, ever, wandering round,
Through that trackless blue profound,—
Ever, ever, changing places,
And as often changing faces;—
Now with full and broad round face,
Thou art found in such a place;—
Next, with such crooked, narrow phiz,
We scarcely know the Moon it is;
And every month, for a night or two,
Thou art vanished from our view;
But thou always comest again,
Ever in thy wax or wane,
Art thou by this ceaseless changing,
Frail humanity upbraiding?—

Would'st thou say that woman kind,
Is as often changing mind?
Or that men are more unsteady,
Still more trifling, light, and giddy?
Here, alas, I plainly see,
The censure falls with weight on me.
I am playing with the moon,
As a child with shining spoon,
Or any toy the nurse puts by it,
When from her arms, to keep it quiet:—
Worse, I'm trifling time away,
For which whole empires cannot pay,
Doing little, nothing, less,
Or doing nothing for the best.
How many years already past?
Of these, how many have run to waste?
Devoted to folly, pride, and sin,—
Alas, a witness thou hast been.
How long in error's path I've strayed,
How many blunders I have made,
As appetite or passion swayed!
Hast thou not seen, and wilt thou tell,
Or canst thou keep a secret well;
Oh, do not all my faults expose,
Henceforth befriend me, if you choose,

And when you see my feet astray,
Oh, light them back to virtue's way,
For soon, ah! soon, methinks I'll be,
Where thou canst shine no more on me.

Dec. 1823.

GREECE.

Lo, Greece has awoke from her sleep of long ages,
And the spirit which fired the breasts of her sages
And heroes of old, has from Heaven descended;
The same which the Straits of Thermopola defended,
In the breast of Leonidas and his little band,
When the myriads of Persia invaded their land;—
The same which the battle of Platea won,
Which fought on the plains of dread Marathon,
In the days of her glory, when the patriot fire
Descended to the son, from his noble sire;
It was then roused to action, in the noblest cause,
The defence of his country, and her sacred laws;
It burnt in his breast, an unquenchable flame,
Till virtue expired, then infamy came,
By her conquests, her luxury, and unceasing broils,
The barbarian's arm was enabled to foil

All her counsels, and to baffle her skill,
To bow her, and bind her, to his tyrannic will.
Then the spirit of freedom, neglected, offended,
Departed from Greece, and to Heaven ascended;
Hence, her children, long centuries inglorious have lain,
Enslaved, and oppressed, and trodden of men,
Till the times have passed over, by Heaven decreed,
For this fallen nation to suffer and bleed.
Their penitent cries have at length reached to Heaven,
Their crimes expiated, their follies forgiven.
Lo, the spirit of freedom revisits the earth,
Each Grecian descendant receives a new birth;—
From their inglorious slumbers, all, all have awoke,—
The dread struggle is commenced, to cast off the yoke
Which so long has enslaved them, to quell the proud hand
Which has held them in bondage, and wasted their land,
Profaned all its temples, to idolatrous uses,
The seats of the sciences, and haunts of the muses;
And all that was comely in arts, or refined,
By a barbarous policy to ruin consigned.
But the time is at hand, when Greece must be free,
And her children restored to their lost liberty.
To accomplish this task, their best blood flows amain,

And the scenes of Thermopola are acting again.
With Leonidas, brave Bozzaris might compare,
Who thought not his life, for his country too dear
A price to pay down, and his followers brave,
Who fought by his side found a like glorious grave;
And thousands may fall, ere the struggle be o'er,
And feel the effects of the expiring power
Of their barbarous foes; but the end shall be blest,—
The justice of their cause shall ensure them success;
But, Scio, fallen Scio, oh, how the heart bleeds
When memory awakens the merciless deeds
Perpetrated on thee by thy unfeeling foes;
Thy children are plunged in unspeakable woes,—
Thy sires and thy sons are sleeping in death,—
Thy country is wasted by the pestilent breath
Of thy savage enemies, whose thirst for cursed gold
Thy matrons and maidens into slavery have sold,
To hands not less savage, where no solace remains,
But to wear out their lives in bondage and chains;
So forlorn and so hopeless, so wretched their state,
That death might be envied, compared with their fate.
But courage, oh, Grecians, may be vengeance is nigh;—
A deed so atrocious, Heaven will not pass by
Unpunished; its vengeance shall burn,
Till the black perpetrator shall fall in his turn.

And it shall not be long first, sons of Greece, stand ye firm,
Be fired every breast, and be nerved every arm,—
Then, swear, that the contest you never will give o'er,
Till your haughty and insulting foes are no more.
Nor think that ye stand unaided and alone,
Your cause in this far land of freedom is known;—
Columbia approves it, she feels for your woes,
And her wealth shall assist you to conquer your foes;
Your foes, now made hers, by nature's just laws,
For freemen, the world over can have but one cause.
Let hand join in hand, then to hasten the day,
When the dark shades of oppression shall fly fast away;
Let the hot bolts of vengeance at the oppressor be hurled,
Till tyrants and tyranny are banished the world.

1824.

ACROSTIC,

FOR ANN CATHARINE HAZARD.

A ND hast thou turned away from earth thine eyes?—
N othing can charm thy soul beneath the skies,
N or satisfy thy wish, but Heaven's eternal prize.

C anst thou to me the secret now impart,
A nd tell me whence this change within thy heart?
T hy soul was once enraptured with earth's gay smile,—
H er charms could even the dullest hour beguile,
A nd fancy fond, with her enchanting power,
R eared round thee, oh, how many a magic bower;—
I n every place, where'er thy footsteps strayed,
N ew pleasures sprung, new garlands wreathed thy head;
E ven friendship proffered thee her smiles and said,

"H ow sweet my charms, come taste them and be blest."
A h! then thou cried, delusion fills my breast,
Z eal for a transient bliss, a fading joy,
A ll, all earth's sweets are tinctured with alloy;
R emoved the veil, thou saw and sighed for a bliss,
D urable and high as that of angels is.

1825.

ACROSTIC,

FOR CLARISSA HARLOW HAYES.

C OULD I bequeath you earthly riches,
L ong life and health secure,
A nd promptly answer all your wishes,
R emember, still you might be poor,
I f virtue should not be a guest,
S ure and constant in your breast;
S eek then, first, this boon of Heaven,
A nd joy and peace shall soon be given.

H ope not, however, for a happiness,
A ll unalloyed in a world like this;
R ound earth's whole surface imperfection reigns,
L oud tempests lash the hills, and whirlwinds sweep the plains;
O n every object found beneath the skies,
W hat else is written but this—"it fades and dies."

H ave you a thirst for a pure and lasting bliss?
A h, hope it not from such a world as this;
Y ou cannot find it here, then turn your view,
E nraptured turn, and Heaven alone pursue,
S ince there, and only there, life blooms forever new.

1825.

THIRSTINGS OF THE SOUL, &c.

Ye regions far beyond the skies,
Beyond the ken of mortal eyes,
Ye twinkling orbs that roll between,
Ye oceans vast that intervene,
Come, tell me, are you on the way,
To him who dwells in endless day?
The first, the only good and fair,
Come tell me, oh, come tell me, where
To find His residence, that I
May wing my soul, and thither fly,
And all her longings satisfy.
Ye will not speak, ye cannot tell,
Where this, my sovereign good, doth dwell;
Or, if ye know, ye still conceal,
And will not unto me reveal
Your secrets, nor to me declare,
Where dwells this one divinely fair.
My soul is sad, and sick of love,
And, tired of earth, she looks above,
To find a solace for her pain,
But looks, and longs, and loves in vain.
She finds not her beloved one,
Above or underneath the sun.

I cast my wandering eyes around,
Over the surface of the ground,—
I see the violet's lovely bloom,
I scent the rose's rich perfume,
Beneath my feet the green grass springs,
Above the feathered charmer sings,
And o'er each landscape every where,
Are tokens that my love's been there;
For man with all his skill and power,
Cannot produce a single flower,
Nor cause a spire of grass to spring,
Nor give the feathered choir a wing,
By which they mount aloft and sing.
These, these are all beyond his skill,
All independent of his will;
And thus where'er my eyes can rove,
I see the works of Him I love,
But Him, ah, Him I cannot see,
He hides His dearer self from me.
'Tis best perhaps, 'tis surely best,
If mortal eyes can't bear the test;
If I His glory cannot see,
And live, 'tis best he hides from me.
Then rest my soul, and wait the day,
When this dark veil of sinful clay,

Shall be removed, and thou shalt see
Thy own beloved, and with Him be,
No more to part, no more to stray
From the fair climes of heavenly day.

Dec. 1825.

BEAUTY.

Beauty, if rightly understood,
Comprises all on earth that's good;
And is heaven than earth more fair,
'Tis that perfect beauty's there.
No defilement, spot, or stain,
Is found on all the Elysian plain.
There the inhabitants possess,
The beauty of beauty's holiness,
Which secures their endless bliss.
But turn to earth, and, lo, we see,
Beauty and deformity
All intermixed, impure, unclean;—
Her holiest things partake of sin;
Sin has marred her fairest forms,
Disrobed her of her loveliest charms

And brought unnumbered evils in ;
Yea, all our misery flows from sin.
This away, and earth still were
A Paradise, an Eden fair.
Had man his innocence retained,
Then misery's cup he had not drained,
Nor even tasted ; 'tis not so,
And help is laid on none below.
He who formed the rolling spheres,—
He who's waiting angels, bears
His messages of love to man,
He can save, and only can.
He that built the earth at first,
Raised man in beauty from her dust,
That lost beauty can restore
And keep him that he fall no more.

1825.

FOR CYNTHIA HINE,

ON THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.

WHOSE DEATH OCCURRED MARCH 23, 1825.

And is your father gone? yes, and you have
Done with his society on earth, his counsel,
And his aid; your trust in him is ended;
He can assist you here no more.
Long has he been with you, done much for you,
As a father much, and as a citizen,
His active mind was ever on the wing,
To promote his own or the public weal;
Here his wisdom shone conspicuous;
His plans were wisely laid, and executed
With an energy which few possess.
But all is over now; the works he did
Devolve on other hands; his neighbours see
Him walk the streets no more; no more the village
Assemblies hear his cheering voice; and his
Place is vacant in the sanctuary.
The table, and the sitting-room, witness
No more his presence; of all his wonted
Places of resort, he has taken leave;

But not as he was often wont to do,
To stay a little while, and then return,—
No, he has taken his last departure,
And to his friends on earth, however dear,
Will never, never, come again. Would you
Find him, go when time admits, to the still
Mansions of the dead where he reposes;
You'll find him there, but not alone; many
Of his friends and ours, as their monuments
Will tell, repose beside him; but they hold
No converse, however close their narrow
Houses are together crowded; 'twixt friend
And friend, there's no communion there. No, death
With his icy fingers, has set his seal
On all their lips, and enjoined on them
Eternal silence; they will speak no more.
But with the dead, the living may hold converse;
Go, then, but not too often, and o'er your
Father's mouldering clay, let fall the sorrowing tear,
And meditate among the tombs of your
Departed friends; 'tis good sometimes to indulge
In grief, that the heart may be familiar
With scenes it must experience. You may ask
Them questions if you will, but there'll be no reply!
Still they give to us a lesson forcible

As the voice of thunder, and though no sound
Is heard, the import is "be ye also ready."
Here is the place for serious, solemn musing;
Here you may reflect, how one by one our
Nearest, dearest friends are taken from us.
One generation has just now ended;—
The last surviving branch is broken off,
And numbered with the dead: many of the
Next are missing. Some of the third, and even
The fourth, are gone, and those who still survive,
Have not their lives insured; hear then the silent
Admonition of the dead, "be also ready."
Discharge each duty, sole, and relative,—
Be just and kind to all, love the good, for
Goodness sake, and for its own sake, eschew evil;
Love and promote the happiness of every
Creature; at least, let this be your endeavour;
Be good, and trust his goodness, who gave you
Life and being, and He will make you happy.

1825.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MISS S. REED, PRECEPTRESS.

As on the shady banks of Catskill's stream,
Or down the little wild meandering rill,
You walk and meditate, be this your theme,—
To study nature's works, and note the Author's skill.

See, spread all round and underneath your feet,
A beauteous carpet of enamelled green,
Where blows the strawberry and violet sweet,
Which serve to enhance the beauty of the scene.

Here stands a shady tree, and there a grove,
And little clumps of bushes rise around,
From whence the birds are tuning songs of love,
And the pure breeze with melody resounds.

And not far distant, other beauties rise,—
The blooming orchards in rich robes appear,
And with their brilliant dress regale the eyes,
And with ambrosial sweets perfume the air.

Oh, can you walk, and meditate and view,
A scene so fair, so pleasing to the sight,
So rich, so varied, and so ever new
Without sensations of a pure delight?
No, no, your soul is wrapped in ecstacy,
Your bosom throbs with an intense desire,
You mount in contemplation to the skies,
And long to know the everlasting sire.

The Father, God, at whose enkindling breath,
This beauteous frame of things to being came,
Sun, moon, and stars, and this prolific earth,
With all that life receive of every kind and name.

Oh, Power mysterious, great producing cause,
On thy sustaining arm depends the whole;
Help me to know thee, love, and keep thy laws,
Thou prayest, and warm devotion fills thy soul.

May, 1825.

MOURNING PIECE,

WRITTEN FOR MISS REBECCA WEEKS, ON THE DEATH OF HER BELOVED SISTER, PAMELIA, CONSORT OF LEWIS HINE, WHO DIED OCT. 8, 1824.

'Tis done, and what avails our tears? Oh, could
They restore her, or blot the foul stain of
Self-destruction, I too, would weep; adown
These aged cheeks the pearly drops, in swift
Succession should chase each other, till all
My head were waters; but this, alas, would
Nought avail; deep in the silent grave she
Sleeps, unconscious of the pained emotions,
Which thrill around the hearts of her surviving
Friends; she sees not, hears not, cares not for their
Sorrows; alike unmoved by the deep sighs
Of a beloved partner, the anguished heart
Of a tender mother, or the cries of an
Affectionate sister, she feels not for them.
The cold sleep of death is on her,—
Ah, dear deluded girl, what motive was
Before thee, which could induce to this dread act?
Could not the endearing ties which bound thee

To thy loved consort, to the dear pledge of
Thine affections, nor all the cords of love
Which held you to your numerous kindred
And friends, restrain your hand? sure, sure, in reason
You could never perpetrate a deed so
Cruel; nay, but God, in his mysterious
Providence first recalled that precious gift.
And left thee senseless; thy helm was lost, thy guide,
In consequence, thy little bark was wrecked,
And thou art gone, to the bosom of thy God.
At least, we hope it so, for God is love,
And all events are under his control,
And must eventually redound to his
Own glory, to the greatest good of all
His creatures; thus let us hope, and on Him
Devolve our cares, and sweetly confide
Our little all to Him.

1825.

FOR MARY BABCOCK,

ON HER LEAVING HER FATHER'S HOUSE AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

Friends may be called to part, and often are ;—
Wide continents may spread, and oceans vast
May roll between them, but the sacred ties
Of love, of friendship, should ne'er be severed.
Distance should strengthen, rather than diminish
Our affections ; when absent, we do not
Witness all those little imperfections
So incident to human nature ;
But meditate on what is fairest and best
In the characters of our absent friends.
We are prone to call to mind the fairest
Scenes, the brightest, happiest hours, which we
Had passed together, and dwell with fond regret
On days and seasons gone ; 'tis then we learn
To estimate the value of our friends,
When deprived of their society ; it is
With them, as with our health ; we seldom learn
To prize the blessing duly, till it's lost.
But there is a way for friends, though absent,
To hold sweet converse ; blest be the man who
First invented letters ; by the help of these,

With what facility we paint our thoughts,
Our sentiments, upon the faithful sheet,
Seal them, and waft them safely round the globe,
To every quarter, where our friends reside.
By this noblest among the arts, from the
Pacific Isles, and India's farthest shore,
We daily hear from those our countrymen
Whose friendly mission 'tis to bear the glad.
Tidings of peace, and joy, and immortality
To the unlettered savage, and teach him
This blest science. How goodly 'tis, and how
Exquisite the pleasure, thus to commune
With our absent friends; friends severed so wide,
So far asunder, even wide as this wide world
Can part them, yet a few short weeks will bring
The welcome packet, fraught with intelligence
Of their concerns; in the perusal of which
We enjoy a feast, if not equal to,
Next to that of a personal interview.
How oft have you, my Mary, felt the thrilling
Pleasure, on receiving and perusing
The letters of your absent friends;
And will you not repay, and grateful prove,
To those from whom you now must part;
Yes, when arrived at the place destined for

Your abode, and walking arm in arm
With him whose arm we trust will be your chiefest
Earthly stay, may be along Lake Erie's
Pleasant shore, or on a summer's day, beneath
The shade of some cool forest, will you not then
Indulge and court those feelings the grandeur
Of the scenery is calculated to inspire ?
Let the eye rove o'er the broad expanse of waters,
Or through the wild luxuriance of the leafy grove,—
Give your imagination play, and with a
Mind thus fraught, return, and to the desk
Repair ; then, as with the pen of inspiration,
Write, yes write to him who writes for you,
But who, unlike to you, has got no friend
To walk and talk with him, nor Erie's pleasant
Shores to inspire his muse, but to the rough
Field called daily, his humble task, to guide
The unwieldy plough, and rein the stubborn horse ;
Meanwhile, contending sharp, but not with man
In battle array, but rocks, and stumps, and stones,
And the old subtle adversary, tempting
To wroth and choler him too, to foil, or
What may harder be, himself to conquer :
Thus, the live-long day, till wearied
With his toil. he hies him home, unharnessed

Then his horses, stabled well, and fed, he
By the tall chest standing, pens the meditations
Of the day. But for him, there is a rich
Reward in waiting,—the corn shall spring and grow,
If Providence so wills, and the now naked
Field, shall be clothed with beauteous hills, and rows ;
And a full harvest ensue ; and she for
Whom he meditates and writes, shall meditate
And write for him, when absent far away.
And now a parting word : 'tis fit ; the parting
Time has come ; those social hours, those pleasant
Friendly visits, so oft repeated, and
So oft enjoyed together, cannot hereafter
Often be renewed, and may be, never.
Should we never meet again on earth ;—
Oh, could we forward look with an eye of faith,
Unshaken, to a future meeting
In those realms, where blissful being
Shall be perpetuated, and the joys
Of friends be unembittered by anticipated
Parting : but this we leave with Him who has
Brought us here together. He is able
To restore, to re-unite, to repair,
To build the waste places, by His power,
To enlighten the dark with His presence,

To repair the ruins which sin and death
Have made, or may hereafter make, by His
Permission, and to fill the universe
With his smiles, and with His love.
For this let us long, for this let us hope,
For this let us pray.—
May you be blest, my friend ; may health and peace
Be yours, and every earthly good ;
May he for whom you now consent to leave
The roof parental, with all your friends,
Be to you the friend of friends, and more than
All of them ; to you, kind, gentle, tender,
And affectionate, and be you not his debtor
In kindness. To him, and Heaven, I leave you,—
Farewell.

EMITY HAMMOND.

"I HAVE erred,—'tis the lot of humanity ;—
I have sinned, and cannot atone.
He proffered me love, in the guise of urbanity ;
I was deceived, ruined, undone ;
Wretch that I am ; why did I deviate
From thy bright path, fair rectitude ?
Not all earth's treasures can now compensate
For one moment in error pursued.
Oh, ill fated moment, my guardian angel
Was far away, and I was lost.
He never will return again, to watch o'er me.
How dear my error has cost !
Bitter tears of repentance, and sore anguish
Of heart, must hence be my doom ;—
A few sorrowing days, I here must languish,
And then descend to the tomb
Hopeless and friendless ;—my hope is in Heaven,
And friendship on earth, I have found
How sweet is its balm, when the heart is riven,
How soothing to the spirit's deep wound,—
Doubly so, when by strangers befriended,
Received too, when hope was gone.

Heaven bless the hand, to me thus extended;
And farewell the world. I have done.
Stay, stay, dear father, my father, forgive me,
For your lost, wandering child."—
She received his pardon and blessing,
And in prospect of death she smiled;
"'Tis enough, Everard, I forgive you,"
She exclaimed with faltering breath.
"Your daughter, oh, in mercy protect her,"
And her voice was silent in death. 1825.

VIRTUE ALONE GIVES HAPPINESS.

WRITTEN IN A PLACE BOOK.

GERTRUDE, shall a lonely stranger
Tune his lyre and sing for thee,
As a friend point out the danger,
You may meet on life's rough sea.

'Tis at best a troubled ocean,
Full of tossings to and fro;
Would you shun the world's commotion,
True enjoyment would you know,—

Seek it not in worldly pleasure,—
This will disappoint your trust,
But be sure and store your treasure,
Where is neither moth nor rust.

The world will always be deceitful,—
Sin is a polluted stream,
Who enters there will meet destruction,
However flattering it may seem.

Avoid it then as deadly poison,
Seek fair virtue's comely dress,
White and spotless keep your garments,
This will lead to lasting peace.

July 10, 1826.

SNOW IN SPRING.*

How dreary is the scene to-day,—
How altered since the morning rose?
The fields, the trees, yea, every spray,
Is fraught with snow, and still it snows.

* Written for Cynthia Hine, one year after the death of her father.

But yesterday 'twas mild and warm,
And promised fair the growing spring;
We little thought of this day's storm,
So pleasantly the birds did sing.

But now the face of nature's changed,
And all, a wintry aspect wears,
The birds are to the thicket flown,
And hushed in silence all their airs.

So changes oft the state of man,—
However fair his yesterday,
To day, alas, a storm may come,
And blow his prospects all away.

Cynthia, 'tis wise to be prepared,
For any change the world may bring,
This disappointment will allay,
And rob even death of his barbed sting.

April 26, 1826.

ACROSTIC,

FOR NANCY MARIAH WOODRUFF.*

N ot length of days, riches, and honour,
A ll united, happiness can give ;
N or even health, were that conferred upon us,
C ould give us sweet content while here we live ;
Y et, without either, we may peace receive.

M any have sought it who have never found ;
A las, their search was on forbidden ground,—
R emembering not that sin could never lead,
I ts votaries to peace, and give thee meed,
A lone to virtue due, they seek in vain ;
H ere, peace, the wicked never can obtain.

W ould you this pearl of highest price possess.
O h, seek it in the way of holiness ;
O n things imperishable, with meditation dwell,
D eath cannot harm you, if your soul be well.
R eleased from sin, sorrow and pain will cease,
U nsullied joys shall crown the sweet release ;
F ear, fear not, then, the body's sure decay,
F orget the world and heavenward bend your way.

Aug. 1826.

* She was of a sickly constitution.

FOR CYNTHIA HINE,

DEDICATORY TO HER ALBUM.

Pure are these pages yet, and long may they
Remain so; may she who holds them, be their
Guardian angel, and suffer no vulgar
Pen, with fulsome flattery such as fools
Might use, with fools to find an entry here;
Nor unchaste muse with morals loose,
Or sentiments obscene, or adulatory
Nonsense, ever occupy a single page;
That she may shun the flatterer's idle tongue,
Let her never countenance his conduct
By any act of hers, but rather frown
Him into silence, and tell him, truth and
Plain dealing will better charm her ear.
But she may court the pens of the wise and good
With safety, for they will nothing here insert,
But what to the mind shall be wholesome food,
And fit for the chastest ear. The muse of
Every friend may be invited, and though
His verse should not be learned, so as to bear
The critic's eye, if the sentiment be pure,

No harm accrues ; 'tis not to be expected,
That every one should write as could a Pope,
A Milton, or a Young. Education
Is the lot of few, and genius fewer still.
But the friendly wish may be expressed
In humble, and even in awkward strains,
And the virtuous thought be clothed in russet garb,
And these shall safer be, and less infect
The page, than shall the flatterer's fulsome
Adulation, though drawn by strictest rules of art,
And clothed in highest diction. Learn to
Discriminate and guard, as much as in
You lies, these pages from all pollution ;
Still, let each memento of friendship, even
From the humblest friend, find entrance ;
And when fortune shall turn their path of life
Far and wide from thine ; and thou no longer
Share their converse, then, these little tokens
Of their love will serve to keep them in your mind ;
And you will often con them over
In your thoughtful moments, and drop a tear
Of sympathy for those you once held dear.

1826.

THE SUICIDE.

Hold, hold, rash mortal— stay that impious hand,
And wait, oh, wait thy Maker's great command!
Preserve that life he gave to thee, nor dare
Rush on unbidden to his awful bar.
What dire disease has seized thy sick'ning frame,—
What foul opprobrium touched thy sacred fame,—
What frenzy makes that life to others dear,
To thee a burthen which thou canst not bear?
Thy body, is it wracked with torturing pain?
Thy honour tarnished, or thy mind insane?
Has riches fled, or didst thou ne'er possess?
Does griping penury stare thee in the face?
If reason fails, if wild delirium reigns,
All arguments to thee applied in vain;
If pain afflict thee, bear it; 'tis no more
Than every mortal man has bore.
'Tis but the common lot of all who live,—
Then patient bear what heaven is pleased to give.
Has wealth took wings, and flown you know not where?
Give up the bubble, 'tis not worth your care;
It never can repay the pains to acquire,
Nor care to keep; for something then aspire,

More lasting, greater, nobler, more refined
And worthier far of an immortal mind.
But, ah, thine honour has received a stain,
Thine honour, dearer far to thee than gain ;
Has malice struck the blow, the wrong forgive ;
Sure, innocence is not afraid to live.
Hast thou offended, for thine own sake stay,
And wash with tears the foul reproach away.
Repentant on thy knees, with flowing eyes,
Prefer thy fervent prayer up to the skies,
And look to Gilead's soothing balm for aid,
To heal the festering wounds, which sin has made,
Sweet peace shall then return and bless thy day.
Such as the world nor gives, nor takes away,
But, oh, with unrepented crimes forbear
Before Heaven's dread tribunal to appear.
Forbear, forbear, by thine own hand to bleed,
The fear, the love of Heaven, prevent the deed.
But if by faith, thy soul did ne'er behold,
Beyond the skies, than this, a fairer world ;
Hast thou no God in heaven to hear thy prayer,
Nor aught beyond the grave to hope or fear,
But think'st this world thy all, and that thy light,
At death will close in everlasting night ?

Is there no charm in life, to invite thy stay—
Nor hope to cheer thy solitary way ?
Still be induced to live for thy friends,
Desert them not by an untimely end;
Oh, spare the torturing pang—forbear to wound
Her soul whom tender love to thee has bound.
Thy children too on thee have mighty claims;
Thy parents, brethren, sisters, tender names,
All these, deep interest in thy welfare take;
Oh, be a man, and live for mercy's sake.
May be, the fatal resolution past,—
Thy purpose fixed, and argument is waste:
If so, to God we would submit thy case,
And fervently implore his sovereign grace.
'Tis his to change the purpose of the heart;
May he, that sovereign grace to thee impart,
In mercy stay the suicidal arm,
Thy purpose change, and keep thee safe from harm.—
Mysterious Heaven ! the awful deed is done,—
The father mourns his self-devoted son;
The mother's tender breast is torn,
With pangs too poignant to be borne,
The friend of friends whom erst in life he chose,
To share with him his joys, to soothe his woes,

Dear children, pledges of their mutual love,
All left alike, the big distress to prove.
His brethren, sisters, sympathizing friends,
Long, long, with tears, shall mourn his tragic end,
Great God ! and shall we turn a weeping eye,
To thee, and trembling, ask the reason, why
Thou in thy wise and holy providence,
Dost such afflictions here on earth dispense ?
Is it to try how strong, how true our love
To thee, our faith and loyalty to prove ?
Yes, when our hearts have gone astray,
And wandered from thee far away,
In vain pursuit of worldly joys,
Wrapped round and round with earthly toys,
So lost to heaven and far from thee,
That we thy gentler chast'nings cannot see,
'Tis then thou dost inflict thy chastening rod,
To call us back to thee, our sovereign good.
Father, 'tis thus, we fain would understand
These dread chastisements from thy holy hand.
Our sins, our wanderings from thee we confess,
Oh, God, compassionate our deep distress !
Turn, turn, on us again thy smiling face,
And fill our hearts with thy refreshing grace.

Let this afflicting dispensation prove,
A sweet renewal of your former love,
And sanctify for good this seeming ill,—
We bow in sweet submission to thy will.

THE PROGRESS OF CREATION,

AS RELATED BY MOSES.

When first the Almighty Architect began
To build this world, a dwelling-place for man,
With voice omnipotent, He spake, and, lo!
The wide-spread atoms to one centre flow.
Chaos the mandate heard,— his sway resigned,
No more to rule; so willed the eternal mind,
But void and shapeless was the pristine earth,
And clouds and darkness veiled her early birth;
While o'er the surface of the watery waste,
The spirit of the living Father pass'd;
Then burst the potent word, "let there be light"—
Light instant shone with an effulgence bright;
He saw 'twas good, and drew with nice design,
'Twixt that and darkness, the dividing line.

"Let day with night, no more hereafter blend,"
He said, and here his first day's labour ends,
And now the spacious firmament appeared,
With skill divine amid the waters reared,
Dividing those above, from those below,—
So spake the father, God, and it was so.
This arch, wide-spread, high-raised, and unconfined,
Sublimity and beauty both combined.
The appropriate name was heaven ; thus God did say,
And evening and morning made the second day,
Next to the waters underneath the Heaven,
The great Creator's forming word was given.
"Be gathered to one place!" the waters heard,
The seas, were formed, and the dry land appeared.
Thus at his word, order from chaos rose,
And earth and seas the teeming world compose.
He saw that all was good, and smiling said,
"Let grass spring on the earth and clothe the mead,
The herb, too, yielding seed, and fruitful tree,
Whose seed within itself shall henceforth be.
A ceaseless source of rich fecundity."
Just as the Father willed, all came to pass ;—
Forthwith, the earth was clothed with verdant grass
And herbs unnumbered yielding seed upsprung,
And trees whose boughs with fruit rich laden hung.

The lofty pine, its towering head upreared,
And the strong oak, with stately trunk appeared.
And bush, and shrub, and humble creeping vine,
Each bearing seed peculiar to its kind.
And now, the Almighty, when the work he viewed,
With sweet complacency pronounced it good.
And thus were ended three days work entire,—
When, lo, the voice of the All-forming Sire
Again is heard :—" Let there be light in Heaven,
To part the day from night, the morn from even,—
For signs and seasons henceforth let them be,—
For days and years, through time's long destiny."
He made the sun, great regent of the day,
The moon with fainter beams the night to sway ;
And stars unnumbered also sprung to birth,
High in the firmament, to light the earth.
God saw that all was good,—with wise design,
The whole was planned and wrought with skill divine.
Four days were past since first the work began,
When, lo ! the waters hear a new command :
" Bring forth abundantly," his voice proclaims,
" Your swarming millions—fish of every name,
And winged fowls, above the earth to fly,
High in the firmament or open sky."—

Great whales were made by his creative breath;
And every living creature had its birth;
Or fish, or fowl, just as the Father said;
For, lo, the waters were prolific made;
Each fish, and fowl, after his kind was formed,
Till sea and air with countless myriads swarmed,
God saw that all was good;—he blessed the whole,
Saying, "multiply until the sea be full;—
Let fowl upon the earth be multiplied."
And now, the evening and the morning tide
Made the fifth day. Again the father spake,
Saying, "let the slumbering earth to life awake."
The earth obeyed,—her teeming millions swarm;
Each creeping thing, and beast of every form
After his kind appeared; all had their birth
By the Creator's vivifying breath;
And all rejoiced; and now their Sovereign Lord,
Pleased with his work, once more pronounced it good.
To crown the whole, the triune God thus spake:
"Let us a man in our own image make,
After our likeness, with a reasoning soul,
Erect in stature, qualified to rule
Over the fish that swim the mighty deep,
And fowls, that high in air their courses sweep;

Over the cattle, and every creeping thing,
That creeps on earth, or flits on slender wing,
Let his dominion far and wide extend,—
On Him, their rightful Lord, let all depend."
So God created man, and in his breast,
His own bright moral image there imprest.
Of either sex, mysterious form'd them twain,
And bound them with the sweet connubial chain.
Then, with a father's blessing, blessed them both,
Saying, " fruitful be, increase, and fill the earth;
Subject it to thy sway; preside o'er all
That life possess—cattle, and fish, and fowl.
And for thy meat, behold I give to thee
The seeds of all herbs, the fruit of every tree;
To every beast, and fowl, and creeping thing
That roams upon the earth, or soars on wing,
Or crawls upon the ground, with life endowed,
Every green herb, I give to them for food."
And it was so; the Father then surveyed
All things by wisdom which his hands had made.
He saw that all was good, complete, and full,
And smiled with approbation o'er the whole;—
And still He smiles.

IDLENESS.

A CURSE upon thy sluggish spirit,—
Thou all evils dost inherit;
Countless woes on thee depend,
Mother of mischiefs without end.
Tattered garments, dirt and rags,
Drunkards, slovens, sluts, and hags,
Are thine own—a filthy race,
Destitute of worth and grace,
Yes, a nuisance where they dwell,
Half their evils who can tell?
Grogshops, tiplers, wasted farms,
Shattered houses, empty barns,
Dandies, gamblers, all of whom
Are nursed in thy pestiferous womb;
Gout, and spleen, and hypocons,
Rank among thy genuine sons.
Murder, theft, and robbery,
Have their origin in thee.
And suicides and duelists,
Are often found upon thy lists.
Wretched, hopeless poverty,
But too often springs from thee.
Attendant on thy blasting breath,
Are shame, and misery, and death.

THE PLACE BOOK,

WRITTEN FOR MISS SARAH REED, DEDICATORY TO HER ALBUM.

What is its design? 'tis a depository,
Not of goods and chattels however,
Nor of the miser's gold, but of thought, sentiment,
And the kindly wishes of our friends.
It is a kind of memorandum book,
In which to note the meditations
Of our own more thoughtful hours; the scraps,
And gleanings, gathered from our various reading,—
Touches exquisite, such as strike the fancy most,
And best inform the judgment:
As Campbell's beauteous painting, who tuned
His lyre to sing of hope, the sweetest, brightest
Solace of our lives. Or Montgomery's
Hallowed strains, who sometimes chose the soft
And downy pillow for his theme, sometimes
The storm and thunder. Or him of plaintive muse,
The man of grief, who wept the loss of triple friends,
Mourned o'er the virtuous dead in song,
And sought the vicious living to reclaim;
Or the chaste and cheerful Akenside,
Who sung the pleasures which the mind derives

From the airy fields of imagination,
And with taste refined, blended instruction
With amusement.
And many more of equal note, who drank
Deep of the Castalian waters.
All which must ever please, but most of all,
And which we highest prize, though sung in humbler
Strains, are the gifts and effusions of our
Present friends; those who are now about us,
But who cannot always be, for time will
Scatter them, and call them here and there,
And place them wide asunder; and some shall
Go down to the silent tomb, and hence be
Barred forever all intercourse with them;
But if we have some little token of
Their friendship, some effort of their genius,
With their names inscribed—have we a place-book,
Filled with these mementoes, how oft shall
We review them, when the dreams of life
Are passed, and age has crept upon us;—
When the voice which spoke, the hand which drew
them,
May be lost in death, or have become the
Residents of some far distant clime,
Then shall we con them o'er and o'er again,

And with a pensive thoughtfulness recall
To mind, the days and years long since gone by.
May she who holds this little volume,
Be fortunate—be greatly blest—have many friends,
And long retain them ; and as these pages
Fill from time to time, from whatever source
Or hand they fill, let every thought be pure,
And chaste be every sentiment,
And free from the flatterer's loathsome strains,
Which please alone the thoughtless and the vain,
The wise and prudent never ; who knows the
Human heart, will hear them with disgust,
And frown the flatterer from them.
Such be my youthful friend ; be it her task
To cultivate the graces, not such as
Chesterfield would recommend, but rather
Let St. Paul be her director ; may she
Seek the adorning, not of the body
With gold and pearls and costly array,
But of the mind, meek and lowly,
And full of inimitable grace.

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE CONTRASTED.

What is friendship? 'tis a name
Implying love,—not strictly so,—
It is than love a gentler flame,—
It lights the breast with a milder glow.
We cannot love, but we desire
To possess the object of our love.
But friendship may the heart inspire,
If we the object but approve;
And though another should possess
The object of our friendship pure,
No jealousies rise in the breast;—
But love, a rival can't endure;
It claims an undivided heart,
And nothing else can satisfy.
Friendship is content with part,
And shares with generosity.
My friend may have a thousand friends,
And I esteem him still the more,
But whom I love, should they admit
Another love, my love is o'er,—
Or I am wretched; rivalship
Is the cure, or death of love.
Few have felt the gentler flame,
And fewer still the last will prove.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS A. CROOKER.

A s on the Susquehanna's sylvan banks you stray,
M using and pensive, at the close of day,
A ffection's tear shall oft bedew your cheek;
N ature, all eloquent in love, will speak;
D ear are its ties, your bosom will reply,
A nd for an absent sister heave a sigh.

C old and insensible that heart must be,
R ound which dull apathy forever reigns;
O h, who would have his breast a Greenland sea,
O r choose a residence upon its icy plains?
K eep your heart warm to friendship's sacred tie,
E ven though sometimes it cause a sorrowing sigh,
R eason will approbate,—its source is sympathy.

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Oh, where are the friends of my youth,
Of my manhood, ah, where are they gone?
Down, down to the silent tomb,
And I am left here to mourn.

How one after one they departed,
Till parents, brothers, sisters, were gone,
Connections the nearest and dearest,
While I am left here to mourn.

Besides those, how many loved names,
From the circle of my friends have been torn,—
The companions of life's social way,
Whose loss I am left to mourn.

How oft have I followed them along,
Or helped bear them on to that bourne,
Where I must make one of their number soon,
And then I shall cease to mourn.

Dec. 1807.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Were there none to use thy name,
But such as feel thy sacred flame,
None but those who friends would be,
Were we in adversity.
And whether fortune frowned or smiled,
Heaped her favours or withheld,
A friend unshaken would remain,
To soothe our grief, to ease our pain,
To help in every time of need,
And thus evince a friend indeed.
How long might thou neglected lie,
Even obsolete become, and die,
Or from our language be erased,
Thy import lost, thy name effaced;
And is it thus, and can it be?
O, no, forbid it charity.
Are there not some might justly claim,
Without abuse, thy hallowed name?
A chosen few, whose friendship pure,
Throughout all changes would endure.
Whose souls embrace the mighty plan,
Of love to God, and love to man.

1828.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

The bloom of summer now is past,
And autumn, with his withering blast
And faded leaf has come again,
Sad token of the winter's reign.
The groves are of their beauty stripped,
The garden flowers the frost has nipped,
The singing birds have flown away,
And fading nature seems to say,
"Ye mortals witness my decay;
Mark all my aspects and be wise,
And on my changes moralize;
I had my spring adorned with flowers,
While gentle zephyrs fanned the hours,
A thousand beauties decked my face,
And all my form was youth and grace.
But soon these beauties passed away,
And summer came with fervid ray,
With ripening fruit and harvests glad,
And meadows in rich verdure clad;
The leafy bower, the shady grove,
Made vocal by the voice of love.
But now these scenes have all gone by,
And autumn with his lowering sky,

His shortened day, and frosty breath,
Presages soon my wintry death,
And thus I change; so changes man,
Whose longest period's but a span.
He has his youth, the age of flowers,
His spring of life, his joyous hours,
His blooming form and sprightly gait,
While all the graces on him wait;
But nature quickly turns the page,
His manhood comes with ripening age,
Producing fruit of various kind,
The goodly harvest of the mind;
Knowledge and science he acquires,
His ardent soul to fame aspires;
But when obtained it cannot last,—
The summer of his life is past;
He feels his autumn hastening on,—
Manhood decays, his bloom is gone;
His whitened locks and furrowed cheek,
The winter of his age bespeak.
He feels, and knows his end must quickly come,
And sighs, and hopes to live beyond the tomb.

Nov. 1828.

HAPPINESS.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Would you be blest, fair Emmeline, and pass
Through life without its wonted evils,
Shun all forbidden paths—array yourself
In innocence; her beauteous robe will
Prove a shield, to guard you from many woes,
And add to nature's charms, resistless grace.
Sin is a cause, the effect of which is
Misery, and that by strict necessity,
However fair its paths may seem, and strown
Thick with flowers, the fruit that's gathered there,
Will prove as ashes to your taste, and all
Your hopes from that polluted source, will meet
With disappointment. Oh, shun you then its
Fascinating wiles, its bland allurements,
And never swerve from virtue's fairer way;
Her paths will lead to happiness and peace,
As sure as those of vice, to misery and pain.
The connection by which they are allied,
In both alike is certain; to this truth,
The fate of all departed nations will
Bear witness:—their virtues caused their rise
And glory; vice their downfall; so history saith,

And every day's experience testifies
The fact; be virtuous then; be good; bend
All your powers to this sole object; books, if
Read aright, will guide you safely on
Earth's flowery lap, viewed with an eye of reason,
Will lend you aid; the stars will give you counsel,—
Ever faithful to their courses, they run
In endless circles round, and know no
Deviation from the path prescribed;—
Follow their bright example, and be blest.—

Nov. 1828.

ON GIVING UP THE WORLD.

Oh, could we but shake off the world,
And trample it under our feet,
How glorious the conquest would be,
The triumph, how blissfully sweet?
Our souls then, unshackled would rise,
And soar to their Maker above;
Their communion would be in the skies,
And the element they breathed, would be love.

THE SLAVE HOLDER.

Forbear, forbear that boast of liberty,
Oh, inconsistent man. Pollute its dear
And hallowed name no more;
Hark that groan, 'twas from thy fellow-creature,
Of which thou holdest many now in bondage;
Thou hast beaten him with many stripes,
And for what? because he dared to assert
His liberty, to intimate to thee,
That freedom was his birthright, which thou
Boastest, but deny'st to him? he had drudg'd,
And toiled, and sweat, for thee for years,
And that without reward, save a small pittance
Of food, sufficient only to give him
Life and strength to toil; he left thy service,
Risked his life, and thy displeasure, and all,
In hopes of freedom; delusive hope,—
Thou hast pursued, thou hast reclaimed him,
Beaten him, and tasked him more severe.
Art thou a Christian? see, his back with stripes
And blood is covered; he is in pain;
His groans bespeak it in thine ear,
And canst thou hear them, and feel no sympathy,
And see no crime, and feel no guilt? then art
Thou hardened—thy heart is adamant—

Thou art a monster—Oh, claim not the name
Of man—you will disgrace it; first set thy
Bondman free, and if within thy power,
Restore him, reward him for the pain, and
Labour, he has borne within thy service ;
And ask his pardon for each grosser insult,—
Then, and not tell then, expect that virtuous
Men will own thee for a man, or that Heaven
Will smile upon thee. *Nov.* 1829.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS MARY SANFORD.

M ILD are the breezes which blow in the spring,
A nd sweet are the songs which the Nightingales sing;
R esplendent and fair is that star's glistening ray,
Y ou behold in the east as a token of day.

S o mild may your days be, and peaceful your hours,
A nd your pathway abound with sweet songs and sweet
flowers.
N o darkness pervade it, but light shine resplendent
F rom heaven, to direct you and be your attendant ;
Oh, let the kind hand that heaps favours upon you,
Receive in return sweet gratitude from you ;—
Devotion and love so well will become you,

CHILDHOOD.

When I look away back to the scenes of my childhood,
To the hedges where often for berries I run,
In the far aside fields and the more distant wild-wood,
Where I hunted the squirrel with my dog and my gun,
And all the gay pastimes on boyhood attendant,
With exemption from care, and from freedom and pain,
While for food and for raiment on my parents dependant,
I sometimes have wished to renew them again :
I feel and can't help it, when memory awakens,
Those early impressions, and paints them anew
On the tablet of mind with a pencil unshaken,
Presenting each feature unvaried and true,—
I feel, and a sentiment not unlike sorrow,
Sometimes for a while, finds a place in my breast,
When I think of past pleasures and know that to-morrow
The acts of to-day will be gone with the rest,
No more to return or again be enacted.
Day succeeds day, and year follows year,
But none that are past, (so fate has enacted,)
Whether well or ill spent, again can appear.
They are gone with their doings and the seal is set on them,
But while memory has power to call them to view,

I would derive wisdom and happiness from them,
And learn from the misspent ones, better to do.
I would not forget, nor regret my past hours,
But bear them in mind with all I have seen,
Though thorns have sprung up sometimes with my flowers,—
For 'tis only by memory we can know we have been.

1829.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MISS SARAH HINE.

S oon, ah! soon, thy youth will pass away,
A nd all thy charms, however fair, decay.
R emember then, and for thy age prepare
A treasure rich, which neither time nor care
H ave power to rob thee of; and, oh, beware

H ow vice allures thee; shun its every wile,
I t will of happiness thy soul beguile;
N ot so with virtue; no, her power will last
E ven when thy youth, with all its charms are past.

1829.

ACROSTIC,

FOR ANN ELIZA OSBORN, WRITTEN FOR HER ALBUM.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

A LL, all make profession of their friendship to thee,—
N or should we e'er question their sincerity,
N o not till it is tested by adversity.

E liza, should fortune ere refuse thee her smiles,
L ow poverty assail thee with her cares and her toils,
I n this time of thy trials, the friends that remain,
Z ealous to assist thee again and again,
A re administering angels to soothe all thy pain.

O h, prize them, you cannot o'ervalue their worth,—
S uch examples so rarely occur upon earth ;
B ut those who neglect you, when friends you most need,
O r refuse to give comfort when your heart shall bleed,
R eject them—erase them from thy list of true friends,
Nor trust those who serve thee from their own selfish ends.

1831.

MUSIC.

FOR A YOUNG LADY WHO PLAYED THE PIANO.

Music, 'tis said, is Heaven's employment,—
Then why not on earth be a principal enjoyment,
Where innocence reigns they rejoice without measure;
'Tis sin that has marred and destroyed our chief pleasure.
Hence 'tis said of vain mortals they had better retire
To the house where is mourning than to feasting aspire;
Oh, could we to innocence again be restored,
Then the voice and the lyre should sound in accord,—
Then music and rejoicing should fill out our days,
And our songs should flow forth in sweet accents of praise.

May Heaven protect thy youth and riper days,
And deck thy soul with every comely grace,
Guard thee, and guide thee on in wisdom's ways,—
"Her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

FOR CATHARINE NEWELL,

DEDICATORY TO HER ALBUM.

"WHENCE came ye, little volume, and for what
Intent? why visit thus, uncalled, my lone
Retreat?" "My mistress brought me here, sir,
But you were not at home, and so she left me,
And wished that in some hour of leisure,
You would write my dedication"—"And did
Your mistress tell you what she'd have me write?"
"Oh, no, she would not dictate, but left it
Wholly to yourself and me"—"And what would
You, that I should write on this fair page,
Which seems as yet to bear no impress of
Good or evil, but like the infant mind,
Is ready to accept of either, as the
Will of its instructor may choose or chance
To dictate?" "Oh, give me something good, sir,
The tendency of which shall be, to raise me
In the world's esteem, for well I ween, that
Many think but lightly of an album,
And look for little more in us than rhyming
Nonsense, or false, unmeaning protestations
Of esteem, which the writer never feels.

I would not have it thus with me, but fain
Would be devoted to a holier muse ;—
To friendship, and to love, to pure affection ;
Hence, caution every one that takes a pen
In hand, to fill a page of mine, to enter
Naught that can offend against religion,
Or the purest morals, nor proffer aught
Of friendship, but that which flows from heartfelt
Kindness. For classic lore, I cannot look
From every one ; but, sincerity,
I justly claim, and truth ; all flattery
I despise ; my mistress must not hear it ;
But gratefully will I receive some token
Of esteem, from all her youthful friends,—
And from those of riper years good counsel ;
That when those friends are scattered wide, or have
To the tomb descended, she may turn my leaves,
And on them, as it were, again behold
Their faces, as faithful memory
May preserve each portrait." 1831.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS MANDENA PROSSER.

My heart is like a volume with many blank leaves,
Cold, faint, and soon lost the impressions it receives ;
Could I mould it anew, how warm would I make it,
Yet I would not so temper it that love should e'er break it,—
No, but warm to my friends, and indulgent to foes,
I would have it, and so good as to shun all the woes,
Which light on the wicked, for they have no peace,
And thus would go forward till I gain my release
From earth and its toils.—
I say toils, but no reason have I to complain,
For my life has been blest with a freedom from pain,
Which falls to the lot of but few, I believe ;
Then let me be grateful for the good I receive,
And the evils I shun ; could I have my desire,
I would choose me one friend that should come to me nigher,
Than any one yet that has crossed my lone ways,
The soother of my cares, the enlivener of my days;
Should I find no such one, I will not repine
At the loss of one good—so few evils are mine ;
But seek for contentment, the best soother of pain,
Whatever my loss is, this sure will be gain.

1828.

HOPE.

Not all the fairy scenes of youth,
Of days and years gone by,
Which faithful memory wakes to light,
The soul can satisfy.
Nor all the present joys we share,
However high they rise,
Health, wealth, or friends, or all combined,
Nor aught beneath the skies,
Can satisfy the craving mind;
It sighs for something more
Than earth can give, or Heaven bestows,
Here on this desert shore.
It looks away and feeds on hope
Of fairer scenes to come,
Some safe, some blissful resting-place,
Some surer, happier home.
Take hope, from man, you take his all,
The past, the present dies,—
He cannot live when broken off,
His outlet to the skies,
The hope of heaven is more enjoined,
Than earth's realities:
These fade and vanish from the sight,
But hope, it never dies.

THE LABOURER AT SUNSET.

And now my daily task is done,
And thou who makest the day, O sun,
Hast just run out thy wonted race,
And found again thy setting-place.
When first thou ushered in the morn,
And shot thy rays athwart the lawn,
Spangling the dew drops, then I rose,
And 'gan the task which now I close.
All day with unremitted zeal,
I've laboured on, until I feel
Wearied, and with joy lay by
These implements of husbandry.
And now I'll seek my friendly home,
Where's one to welcome when I come,
To give me food, provide me rest,
And better, one who loves me best.
What though I'm absent all the day,
And wearied with my labour, say
What better can reward my toil,
Than thus to go and meet her smile?

The smile of friendship, yes, of love,
This constitutes their bliss above;
And our chief happiness below,
Should from a virtuous friendship flow:
How welcome is the setting sun!
Thrice welcome to the wearied one.
He hails with joy the evening mild,
Sweet hour of respite from his toil,
And then he hies him to his cot,—
Unblest is he who has one not;
Where he at will can oft repair,
And find a friend to greet him there.

TO ANN CATHARINE HAZARD,

ON THE DISMISSAL OF HER SCHOOL, AND LEAVING THE PLACE WHERE IT WAS KEPT.

Catharine, we have often met,
Oft in social converse sat,
The thoughts of our more serious hours
Exchanged, and learned the humble powers
Of poesy we each possess.
And be the same or more, or less,
I've thought there's some affinity,
Of soul, of mind, 'twixt thee and me.
Have not the muses led thee on,
To the same ground I've trod upon?
Have we not drank of the same spring,—
From the same sources learned to sing?
Now if I have not judged amiss,
In thy esteem concerning this,
Henceforth let ties of friendship bind,
Together those of kindred mind.
And though we part, and far away
Our feet should from each other stray,
Even wide apart as pole from pole,
I'll view thee still a kindred soul.

And if thou deign'st the boon to give,—
Within thy memory I would live.—
Some sad reflections may arise,
I know, and tears may fill thine eyes,
When called to give the parting hand
To this dear circle of thy friends;
Especially the little band
Which shared instruction from thy hand;
May they be wise, and long improve
The lessons of thy care and love,
And at the time when thou must go,
Their pure and warm affection show,
This world can never fill the heart,—
We cannot meet but we must part.
No outward thing can satisfy;
Oh, Catharine, then direct thine eye
Inward, and seek for happiness
Within thine own Heaven-lighted breast;
Then, parting will not give thee pain,—
So, farewell, till we meet again.

THE CHANGING SEASONS.

FOR DEIDAMIA WILLIS—HER ALBUM.

Spring has returned again with all its smiles,
The aerial songsters have renewed their strains,
The earliest flowers have bloomed, and Nature
Seems about to re-assume her youthful robes,
To put on her gay adorning. Thus is she
Renovated every year, she has her
Infancy in spring, her youth in summer,
Maturer age in autumn, in winter
Her decay; but not to last forever.
The spring will soon return, decked in blooming
Flowers, and reinstate her in all her charms;
Not so with man; one change of seasons
Only, is allotted him,—his spring once gone,
It never is renewed,—his summer ended,—
It returns no more; his autumn quickly
Passes into wintry age, followed by
Swift decay, not to be renovated
On earth again. How important is it then
That he should well improve,
And let no season pass without appropriate
Application. In infancy, the seeds

Of virtue and of science may be sown ;
'Tis the office of the kind parental hand,
Or good instructor, but youth is the all
Important time, to store the mind with useful
Knowledge, cultivate the virtues, and train
The heart to wisdom ; this neglected, all
Is lost ; the autumn of his life will come,
Succeeded by a barren winter, without
A harvest to supply the wants of either.
Like the poor husbandman who folds his hands,
In summer, neglects to cultivate the soil,
Or to sow his seed in time, the season
Of fruits to him is fruitless, and his winter
Without its needed store ; hence, poverty
And want are his drear associates ;
How comfortless that age which follows
A misspent youth ? Short is this lesson,
Deidamia—follow its dictates
In thy youth, and in age be blest.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

FOR MISS ALMIRA SAYRE.

SWEET are the joys which flow from the domestic
Circle, where virtue reigns, and harmony,
And love; where friendship every breast inspires,
And charity, with wide-expanding arms,
Embracing all; where science too, with her
Irradiating beams has shone into,
And enlightened every soul, and fitted
It for social converse and contemplation high.
Such be my friends, and such my lot; and I
Relinquish every claim to the noisy
Mirth, and outward show of public life.
The pomp and ostentation of the great,
I'll envy not the conquerer his blood-stained
Laurels, nor kings nor emperors their crowns,
However fascinating they may be,
To souls fired with ambition to excel.
They have no charms for me, and when contrasted
With the sweet tranquillity of humble life,
I view them with disgust, and turn me from them,
And say, "Oh, give me but my rural walks,
My shady trees and goodly cultured fields

Affording sustenance for me and mine,
With independence, and save me from the
Fawning flatterer's pestilential breath,
And I will ask no more.

ON HAPPINESS.

What is happiness below?
'Tis happiness, ourselves know,
If our bosoms, filled with peace,
Speak from sin a sweet release—
'Tis our happiness to feel
Good wishes for another's weal:
To have our hearts united by
Friendship's tender, soothing tie;
'Tis our happiness to be,
Free from strife and enmity,
To breathe no sentiment but love,
For all below and all above.

WEDDED LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR MISS SARAH REED, ON HER MARRIAGE, BY REQUEST.

'Tis comely to behold the wedded pair,
Mutually enjoying all the good
That Heaven may please to lend them;
Mutually bearing, too, each other's burthens,
Thus rendering less the cares and ills of life.
'Tis said that joys by sharing are increased,
And that our sorrows by the same cause
Are rendered lighter; if this be so, 'tis wise
To practice both, 'tis true self-interest,—
The peculiar office of wedded love.
For this is the sweetest, closest, strongest
Tie that can bind human hearts together;
'Tis the most delicate too, and hence the most
Easily wounded; its wounds, the most fatal
To our peace. Parental love, and filial,
Should be strong; brothers and sisters walk
In sweet concord, but these relations
May better, safer, suffer wrong, than that
Of wedlock's sacred tie. You feel the force

Of these remarks, Ortensia, and ask of
Me advice, alas, how ill prepared am I
To give it, who cannot speak from self-experience.
The theory, I have studied long, thought much
Upon it, while to others I have left the practice.
How, then, can I advise? I lay down rules
In theory, however just they may appear,
They may be hard in practice, and in giving
Them to you, I may prescribe lessons, which,
Were I circumstanced as you now are,
I should never follow; hence, I can counsel
You to that only which I think is best:
And first, should thy partner ever chide thee,
As perchance he may, for 'tis, as a thousand
Is to one, if he pass through all the varied
Scenes of life with an unruffled temper;—
Unnumbered incidents may rise to discompose
His mind, to cross his interest, and put him
Out of humour; should he, I say, at such
A time as this, e'er chide thee, Oh, chide you
Not again, at a moment so ill chosen,
To indulge it, would be as though you added
Fuel to the flames were your house on fire,
Instead of applying water. Soft answers
Turn away wrath, 'tis a Christian rule,—

'Tis reason's, when we chide for chiding,
Or pay the railer with our railing,
We but indulge our baser passions,
For which we may have cause to give ourselves
Severe reproach; but when we strive to soothe
The troubled spirit, to pacify the
Unquiet mind, with words of meekness
And of love, 'tis the sweet triumph of reason
Over our selfish inclinations, and,
For which, an approving conscience may reward
Us for the struggle; not only strive to soothe
The irritated mind, but more, treat him always
With respect,—not too cold or distant,
Nor too familiar, but with such a difference
As should flow from true esteem; love and respect him;
Oh, never treat him with neglect, nor give him
Once to feel, that he is cheaper in your eye,
Or holds a place less dear within your heart,
Than when first you gave that heart to him.
And not him only, but yourself respect;
Support before him in your daily walk,
That dignity of character, which marks
A cultivated mind; suffer not yourself
To sink in his view, but rather use all

Efforts to advance, and strive to merit,
Would you live in his esteem,—
'Tis but too common for men in time of courtship,
To think women angels, possessed of more
Than mortal charms, and adorned with unfading
Beauty ; yet after marriage, and often
But a little while, they think of them, and
Treat them, as some inferior creatures.
Were the causes sought for such a change,
'Tis feared the fault in many cases would
Prove to be their own, and one who had not taken
The same pains to keep as she did, to win
Her partner's best affections, would have little
Cause to make complaint, even though she lost them ;
Be cautious then, my friend, be vigilant.
What duty bids be done, do cheerfully ;
Because 'tis duty, when we do good, simply
Because it serves our purpose best ; we act
Not from the noblest motive, we should do
Good for goodness' sake ; this serves the general
Interest, and so kindly has heaven
Ordered all things here, that it seldom if ever
Fails to serve our highest private interest,
And ultimately can never fail us.

That Heaven may bless and prosper you,
Preserve you long, and very happy,
With him whom you have chosen from the world,
To be your bosom friend, you have my ardent wishes.

ACROSTIC,

FOR MRS. LOVISA KING.

L ET not the world engross thy best affections;
O n earth, all things are hastening to decay.
V anity's inscribed upon her best selections;
I n swift succession, even friendships pass away,
S o mutable are all enjoyments here;
A las, we only taste them, and they disappear.

K eep then thy heart from earth, and fix it high;
I n those pure regions far beyond the sky,
N o change is there, and there'll be no alloy
G iven to thy bliss, but unabating joy

MUSIC.

AN ACROSTIC FOR MISS MARIAH HULL.

M usic can charm our griefs, away,
A nd lull the impassioned soul to rest,
R estore the darkest night to day,
I nspire devotion in the breast,
A nd give to life its sweetest zest.
H ence every bosom feels its sway.

H eaven is the place where perfect music reigns,
U nbroken, pure, its sweet angelic strains,
L ight on the ear, and thus their joys increase;
L ove, too, reigns there, the union-bond of peace.

FOR THE SAME, WRITTEN FOR HER ALBUM.

Think not of those years, which are gone by forever,
Nor too fondly look back on the scenes of thy youth,
'Tis useless to mourn for that which can never
Return; yet always remember this truth:
Thy happiness hereafter must ever depend,
On the manner in which the time present you spend.
Henceforth let it be then your constant endeavour,
To seize every moment whilst you can call it your own,
And wisely improve it, and then you shall never
Have sorrow for the loss of those which are gone.

TO PHEBE WHITING,

ON RECEIVING A PIECE OF POETICAL COMPOSITION FROM HER.

So long my harp has lain unstrung,
So silent on the willows hung,
Its slackened cords refuse to sound,
Nor melody with them is found;
And I, alas; have little skill,
However good may be my will,
To tune its trembling strings anew.
Ah, then, how can I sing for you?
Had I the art of all the Nine,
And were Apollo's knowledge mine,
Then would I chant in notes so clear,
A dulcet lay to charm thine ear;
No earthly subject would I choose,
But invocate some heavenly Muse,
To guide my pen, my theme inspire,
And fill my soul with her own fire.
Parnassian laurels then no more,
Should charm my heart, nor fiction's lore
Engross my powers, but all my skill
Should be engaged for Zion's hill.
Her pleasant walks should charm me more,

Than earth with all its envied store,
Not even Oylmpus' towering height,
Should turn aside my steady sight.
For what, alas, is worldly fame?—
'Tis but in other's breath a name,
That cannot last beyond that breath,
But with it must be lost in death.
Hence may my feet with thine be found,
To tread on Zion's holy ground,
And let me have a fame with thee,
Imperishable as Eternity.

ACROSTIC.

FOR MISS ANNA TORREY.

A CCEPT, dear girl, from me this little token,
N ot of my love, but of my high esteem;
N or let the ties of friendship 'twixt us be broken,
A lthough fortune should prove adverse, and earthly
bliss a dream.

'T is not from earth we look for lasting pleasure,
O r from it seek those laurels which endure.
R emember this; in heaven lay up your treasure,
R ejoice in God, with him your portion's sure;
E njoy his smiles, for this, implore his grace,—
You must be pure in heart to see his face.

THE WORLD.

FOR MISS CLARISSA WOODRUFF.

Clarissa, what is the world but the first
Residence of mortal and immortal man?
The dawn, the day-break of his existence,
The place preparatory, the theatre
On which characters are formed for Heaven.
Oh, use it then as such, and speak no evil of it,
Though sin has marred its fairest forms,
Did it not come forth from its Maker's hand,
All stainless and beautiful, as the fair
Prototype which first existed in his
Unerring mind, and but for sin, it might
Have still remained a paradise, still bloomed
An Eden, and light have shone, and glory
Beamed on all our paths. Alas, how different
Is the case; our way is often now o'erhung
With clouds, and darkness; gloom impenetrable
Surrounds our course; the mysterious hand
Of Providence, so called at times, lies heavy
On us; we breathe a tainted air, and draw
In pestilence with every breath; our health
Is marred, and fell disease preys on our vitals.

Passions and appetites disturb our minds,
And crave a boon which reason cannot give.
A warfare hence arises, which brings us
Under bondage, and keeps us slaves to sin.
Is there no hope, no radiant beam for man
To fix his eye upon? Oh, yes, there is,—
The beauty of holiness, to which, if God
Restore us again, we shall be free, and
Light shall shine, and glory beam again on
All our paths. Clarissa, be this your morning
And your evening star, the pole to which you steer,—
The prize for which you run, the pearl for which
You sigh; and though you attain not in life,
Will not be satisfied until you do attain;
But rather cry, with one of old, who had
His mind fixed on the all-perfect sampler,
Then, then shall I be satisfied,
When I awake in his likeness.

RETIREMENT,

WRITTEN FOR ALMIRA WEBSTER.*

Society is pleasant, and when chaste and good,
And where friendship reigns, and sympathy of soul
Abounds, 'tis then delightful; it exhilirates
The flagging spirits, cheers the drooping mind,
And scatters off its glooms, which occasionally
Overcast it. Still, still, 'tis good sometimes
To be alone, to retire within ourselves,
Study our own hearts, detect the errors
There, and strive to root them from our bosoms.
Oh, yes, 'tis good sometimes to be alone.
Who that has lived, though young in years, and has
Not felt at times a solemn stillness steal
O'er the soul, inviting it to serious
Meditations, when a walk to some sequestered
Grove, some lone retreat, or a turn among
The tombs, would better meet his feelings
Than the banquet table, though spread with the
Choicest dainties, and their dearest friends around it.
Yes, in moments such as these, we seek for
Some secluded spot, where undisturbed the
Mind may range at large, and muse on all things
Which have been, still are, and are to be.

* For her Album.

And to hold converse with the powers invisible,
Real or imaginary, and which, for aught
We know, may swarm in countless millions round us;
Perhaps our guardian angels, who feel an interest
High in all we do, are benignly anxious
For our welfare, who tremble when they see
Us swerve from virtue, and rejoice when they
Behold us tread the paths of wisdom.
Oh, pleasing thought, a strong incentive this
To prompt us to our duty; stronger still,
The soul may also here hold high communion
With its Maker; with Him on whose powerful
Arm hang all our destinies, who metes to
Us our portion of weal or wo, health or disease,
Plenty or penury, as his wisdom
Sees it best, who cannot, will not wrong us,
Nor give us needless pain; but only such
As best may serve to keep the world from gaining
Too much on our affections, and make us
Seek our chiefest good in Him. Almira,
Know the whole art of being happy, consists
In being good; remember this, and love
And seek retirement; noisy mirth and
Ostentation are unfriendly to a virtuous life,

And seldom leave us guiltless, while seclusion
From the world, affords the mind that leisure
Which it needs for self-reflection, and tends
To make us better. Cultivate your mind
To knowledge, and to virtue, that when alone,
You may not want good company; this will
Most improve your happiness, and fit you
Best for sweet domestic life. Love your friends,
And value high their friendship; have all their
Names inscribed in this fair volume; they will
Give you good and sage advice, wholesome counsel;—
Treasure it, and use it, and when your soul
Is serious, and most inclined to contemplation,
Arrange your better thoughts in order;—
Note them in this selection, and thus preserve them,
That when age shall creep upon you, as it
Must ere long, and memory shall fail,
And the charms of youth be gone, and earthly
Joys shall one by one expire, 'twill be a solace
To your life, a charm, to soothe the ills
Attendant on decaying nature, to take
A retrospective view of what you once
Have been, and to make the sweet reflection
That your days have been applied to wisdom,

THE ARTIMESIA,

FOR MISS CYNTHIA HINE.

It was autumn, and the cold wind blew from the moun-
tain,
The time for the fall of the leaf had come,
And the trees had put off their cheerful green ;
A thousand fading hues chequered the groves,
And the mountain scenery, though richly
Variegated, and not without beauty,
Bespoke decay, and the approach of winter.
The time for the singing of birds was past,
The flowers of the field had ceased to bloom,
The gardens were no longer decked with the
Sweet-scented rose, the pleasant lilac, the
Sprightly pink, or gay and rich peony;
All were dead, and nature, in general
Aspect, had resumed her weeds of mourning ;
Such was the season, when for a moment
I called on the lovely but lone Ortensia.
Her countenance was sad, betokening grief,
Which seemed to have possession of her heart,
And told its being in her speaking eye ;
And all her feelings seemed in unison,
With fading nature ; wherefore was it thus?

She was an orphan, yes, and doubly so ;
She first was called to mourn a sister's loss,—
Her brother's bosom friend ; a few short months
Elapsed, and death came nearer, and snatched
Her father from her ; here was double cause
Of grief, but ere her weeds of mourning
For these were laid aside, the insatiate
Archer smote again, and robbed her of her mother.
Thus, thrice, like one of old, her peace was slain.
And though the moon a few more times had filled
Her horn betwixt the strokes of death, still, still,
So soon did they succeed each other, her
Wounded feelings had scarcely time to heal,
Or tears of grief to dry, before they were
Again renewed ; severe indeed were these
Afflictions, and trying to the soul.
And are these causes just for mourning
To any creature, sure, she uncensured
May indulge in grief ; 'tis better, says the
Famed for wisdom, to frequent the house of sorrow
Than of joy ; for there the heart is well instructed
In the knowledge of its latter end ; may it
Be so with her, who so often has been
Called to weep o'er buried friends ; long may she

Profit by these sore afflictions, and turn
To good account each dread event,
However painful it may be to bear.
My time with her was short; the day was spent,
And when about to take my leave, she saw
Me to the door: our way led through the room
Wherein so late her mother used to sit,
Employed about her household cares, providing
Raiment for her little ones, accompanied
Oft by some neighbouring friend, as I full oft
Had witnessed; but now the seats stood vacant
Round the room, the occupants were gone,
And the places which had known them once so long,
Shall know them hence no more.
Ortensia felt the change, her heart was touched,
For painful recollections rose to mind;
How lonesome 'tis, she said, and dropped a tear
To the remembrance of her mother dear.
We passed into the hall where stood a box
Of full-blown flowers, the artimesia;
These her hand had reared with tenderest care,
And though the field and garden flowers were dead,
These were in their beauty, blooming fresh as June,
And like her, they had outlived thousands of
Their gay companions. She plucked me one from

Its stem; it had a small one by its side,
Not yet expanded,—fit emblem of the
Parent and its offspring; although in this
Unlike her case, for these were still together.
She handed me the flower, requesting,
Should it be my choice, that I would take it
As a theme on which to employ my muse.
In part, I have complied; should the subject
Seem but small, or if in sweetness, or in show,
It should not equal some of summer's train,
Its novelty at this late season, gives
It merit for a song; besides, what flower
Has not been sung? How many bards have tuned
Their lyres to sing their beauties, and their praise.
Witness the tuneful Hervey, who now with
Pensive step roves round among the silent
Tombs, and anon with light and airy feet,
Strays through the flowery garden. Darwin too,
Endowed with mighty genius, in refined
And philosophic lays, pourtrayed their beauties,
And their loves, making them half sensitive;—
Gave them sexual difference, and a
Principle of instinct, by which they wooed
Each other's fond embrace. All other flowers

Aside, I sing the artimesia which
Comes to cheer us when the rest are faded ;—
When the cold autumnal winds blow round us,
And the wintry clouds begin to gather
O'er our heads, and shut us from the sky.
How charming 'tis to see these fresh-blown flowers,
As though the summer would extend its kind
Influence far towards the winter,
To shorten the period of its dreary scenes.
Besides in fitness, and importance, for
A song, methinks it would not ill compare
With his who sung the sofa and the timepiece,
And in enchanting strains, and with sweetest
Moral muse, wrought every subject up
With magic charms, both to please the fancy,
And convey instruction to the soul. Oh, could
I reach his strains, and sing as he has sung,
And execute my task as he has executed his,
My harp should never long remain unstrung ;
But tuned to highest notes, should warble forth
Its lays, to draw the feet of reckless youth
From vice's alluring and destructive paths,
And turn them to the ways of wisdom.
But, ah ! how vain the wish, still vainer, the

Attempt; should mine but serve to soothe her grief,
For whom it was intended, to recreate
Her mind and give it comfort, my every
Hoped for end, will then be answered, and my
Humble efforts meet a rich reward.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE SPENDING OF TIME.

The summer is ended and gone,
How swift have the months flown away!
So swift I scarce have had time to look on,
And the incidents note of each passing day.

Continual employment gives time his wings,
While busy we heed not his flight;
Not so with the idler, he saunters and sings,
And she is too long for him; and the night

Affords him no pleasure, his sleep is unsound,
He does nothing to purchase its sweets,
Like the drone he seldom in employment is found,
Though he feeds on the daintiest of meats.

But what of the idler, and what of the drone,
And what of the busiest of men,
The summer, as I first observed, is gone,
And will never return again.

And though others may come in its room,
And in turn recede from the stage,
Yet we, though disease should not be our doom,
Must soon take our departure by age.

What now most concerns us is, to look back and view,
See how we have spent or misspent the hours,—
See whether we have done all the good we could do,
And eschewed all evil that lay in our power.

Can our hearts but respond to the truth of the position,
In peace we may lie down to rest,
Yea, happy in time will be our condition,
And in the end we may hope to be blest.

TRUTH.

Truth, I see thy hallowed features,
Circled round with glory bright,
Too bright to dwell with sinful creatures,
Heaven, not earth, is thy delight.

There, from the eternal ages,
Thou in honour hast abode,
Loved and revered by highest angels,
A darling attribute of God.

Not so on earth; frail man abjures thee,
His eyes too weak to bear thy light,
To shun the blaze of thy effulgence,
He hides himself in error's night,—
Darkness befits him.

THE LOOKING-GLASS.

A blooming young girl, while she was residing with her uncle, for a few days, to help him take care of his aged mother, stood looking in the glass one day, when he smilingly asked her, what she saw there, "I see myself, sir," said she. "Just as you now are," said he. "Just as I now am," she answered. "We have another glass in the house," said he, "of a much more curious construction than that is, I think." "Ah, what peculiar qualities does that possess, uncle?" she asked. "If you look into that," he replied, "it will show you what you will be fifty or sixty years hence, if you live so long, more strikingly than the one you now look into shows you what you now are." "Where is it, uncle," said she. "There it stands," said he, pointing at her grandmother, almost eighty years of age. She cast a look on her wrinkled face, and shriveled hands, and exclaimed, "oh, uncle, is this what I must come to?" "Surely," said he, "if you live to the age she has arrived to, which probably you will desire."

She dropped a tear of sympathy at this sight of decaying nature, and such was the impression it made on her heart, that I think she will never forget the Looking-Glass.

LONGINGS OF THE SOUL, &c.

Why, eternal Father, why,
  Why conceal thy face from me?
Hear a wretched creature cry,—
  Thy salvation let me see.

Why so long dost thou delay?
  Wilt thou never cleanse my heart?
Never speak the sovereign word?
  Ne'er the healing balm impart?

Dost thou wait for me to rise,
  Rise, and my own heart renew?
Sure, my case is hopeless then,
  This thou knowest I ne'er shall do.

I am helpless, poor, and weak,
  Of myself can nothing do;
Rise and give me all I ask,
  Give me strength and riches too.

Strength to conquer all my sin,
  Give the riches of thy grace,
Wash my soul and make her clean,
  Let her see thy smiling face.

Thus adorned in bride's array,
Bid her to the marriage feast,
There forever let her stay,
A humble but a welcome guest.

A FRAGMENT.

What though in infant years no fell disease,
Or in our youth or prime our vitals seize,—
What though no accident occur to take our life,
And nature strong should long maintain the strife,
Old age with creeping pace will surely come,
And in the end consign us to the tomb?
All efforts to escape from death are vain,—
He strikes his victims with disease and pain.
If these should fail him, time's unerring hand,
Brings on old age, the last disease of man.
How long, however bright our day has been,
Darkness the end, and death the closing scene.

PHILISTIA'S OVERTHROW.

Prepare the feast, the song begin,
With notes to heaven ascending,
Adore the living Lord, nor fear,
While on his arm depending ;
Let heathen hosts look up to man,
Or idols for protection ;
No heathen arm or idol god,
Can shield them from destruction.

'Tis Israel's God alone can save,—
His arm has wrought salvation ;
See proud Goliah's overthrown,
The champion of their nation.
Philistia, fallen is thy trust,
And blasted Dagon's honour ;
Who fears the Lord shall never fear,
Thy spear nor brazen armour.

See how their routed squadrons fly,
Before the youthful warrior ;
Their savage clamours rend the sky,—
The land is filled with horror.
See on the field what heaps of slain,
The ground with blood is watered,
The hand of Saul has thousands slain,
Ten thousand David's slaughtered.

Let Saul and David tell their deeds,
'Tis God the humble raises.
To Him, and Him alone is due,
Our everlasting praises.
Then let us tune our songs to Him,
His arm has wrought salvation,—
'Tis he that has our foes subdued,
And saved our helpless nation.*

*Transposed from the Drama of Miss Hannah More, and sung at a school exhibition, where the Drama was performed.

Tune—Soldier's Return.

SONNET

TO THE MOUNTAIN.

How oft have I stood and gazed upon thee,
Majestic and lofty mountain.
Viewed thy long slopes, deep ravines, and glens,
From whence gushes the clear crystal fountain,—
Traced thy steep sides, from thy base to thy summit,
Where the green foliage spreads o'er the dense forest trees,
Oft enveloped in clouds, as though wrapped in a mantle,
Borne up on the wings of the light mountain breeze.
Sometimes to add majesty and heighten the view,
Above all the clouds we see thy head rise,
While far down beneath, the lightnings dart through,
And thunders reverberate from earth to the skies.
Thus grandeur and beauty unite in the view,
As enraptured we stand and gaze upon you.

FRAGMENT.

My mother long had lived; yea many a day,
And many a circling year had rolled away,
Since on the stage of life she did appear,
To run with mortals her terrene career,
Surviving toil, and care, and pain, and tears,
She kept her station more than four-score years;
But death, who never, never yields his prey,
At length proved conqueror, and won the day.
But, oh, what pangs assail the feeling heart,
When dearest friends are called by him to part?
He cuts in twain the sweet maternal tie,
When the loved offspring, ere its parent dies,
The strong, the tender filial bond is broke,
When parents fall beneath his fatal stroke.
But still more painful, deeper still the wound,
When those whose souls in wedded love are bound
Together, are severed.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. D. PARKER,

ACCOMPANIED WITH A SMALL PRESENT OF SUGAR.

Rev. and dear Sir,

As I have lately understood,
Three brother bachelors so good,
Did one and all of them agree,
To send you each a pound of tea,
And if I understood the facts,
This was your due by way of tax;
Because they single lived, and free
From the encumbrance of a marriage fee.
This being part of your support.
I think in fact they ought to do't.
For you must live as well as they,
Hence, reason says, 'tis just they pay
Their taxes or their marriage fees,—
And who with reason disagrees?
Besides, true policy demands,
That they in wedlock join their hands,
Soon as the happy fair they find,
Which heaven in love for them designed,
This best subserves their country's cause,—
This best comports with nature's laws.

Hence strong inducements should be laid,
And every mean and measure weighed,
To make them error's ways to shun,
And in the paths of duty run.
Now every one may plainly see,
The censure falls as hard on me,
And that the muse in judging them,
As justly does myself condemn.
I being by my own consent,
Just in the same predicament.
And thus I find they all agree,
That such a tax is due from me,
Nor aught in reason could I say,
Or from it fairly get away.
So thought it best most cheerfully,
With the good custom to comply,
And pay my tax as justly due,
And send it on forthwith to you.
Lest some occasion take to say,
My honest debts I would not pay.
Now this might injure my good name,
And in the world's eye blast my fame,
Which sure is very dear to me,
And valued more than all the tea,

With which the English ships are fraught,
Or which from China e'er was brought.
Nay, it will better serve my turn,
Than precious ointment, myrrh and gum,—
Than all the diamonds of the south,
Or wheaten treasures of the north.
Then only let me keep this still,
And with your trash do what you will.
Ah, me, how envious is the world,
How fond of slander and of gold!
That wicked, and this worthless thing,
Wounds deep, have you not felt the sting?
The muse has from her subject strayed,
And as she's wont, the truant played.
We'll now attempt to turn her back,
And hit upon our former track.
I thought, sir, if you were like me,
You'd like some sugar with your tea;
For I the beverage do not take,
Only for milk and sugar's sake.
The tea alone is tasteless stuff,
To one whose palate is so rough;
So little used to sipping down,
The scalding liquid all alone.

Which slakes the tender threads of life,
And in the system breeds such strife,
As oft to cause the patient wo ;
His health and happiness undo.
But sure, you need not learn of me,
The true philosophy of tea ;
Its qualities you understand
Better by far than I pretend.
Now with good will and wishes too,
I pay this little debt to you.
If you receive it, sir, in love,
I think it may a blessing prove.
Of you I covet no reward
Only hereafter me regard
Among your friends, and when at tea
You ask a blessing, pray for me,
And not forget my brethren three.
What though I long have lived alone,
Yet still I look to find my own,
My kindred self, my partner friend,
Which heaven in love for me designed ;
Soon as these eyes her form behold,
Soon as these arms that form enfold,

My heart shall with new raptures beat,—
My earthly bliss shall be complete,
So erst when our first parent found,
His blooming bride on Eden's ground,
He took her to his fond embrace,
The sweets of wedded love to taste.
Nor could he happy be alone,
But blest he was, when he and Eve were one.
When I these blissful moments see,
Ah, then may you a witness be,
And tie the nuptial knot for me,
Partake the joys you'd wish to give,
And then your long-neglected dues receive.

THE BED.

Sweet place of rest, how oft have I returned to thee,—
Laid down my wearied limbs, and slept secure
Until the waking morn invited me
To renew my labours; how often too
In the long winter's night, has nature for
Hours before the dawn, been satisfied with sleep,
When the soul, wakeful, serene, and from the noise
Of the world secluded, has spent those hours
In meditation sweet and sublime.
Revolving time and space with their mighty
Contents, worlds and system of worlds, whether
All space is filled with these, or where begins
The solitary vacuum lone and dreary.
By the cheerful abodes of life unoccupied,
Where night and chaos still triumphant reign,
Revolving too, the origin and final cause
Of all things, when and from whence sprang those
Splendid orbs, which roll around us, what the
Power that called to being, arranged, and still
Supports their order, and for what designed,
Whether the seats of bliss, residences
For higher orders of intelligences

Than this so inauspicious world, which men
Inhabit, revolving too, whate'er pertains
To man, his origin, his being here,
And final destiny; how he begins
To live, with all the varied circumstances
Which surround that life, and how he dies,
All his greatness and all his littleness,
His pomp and splendour, poverty and pain,—
His most refined estate, most barbarous,
Semi-savage, every grade and every hue,
All religions, Christian, Turk, and Jew,
Bramins, worshippers of fire, the Sun, the Moon,
Of carved wood, vegetables and reptiles,
Each in pursuit of happiness, they labour
On in vain, not knowing that bliss and sin
Can ne'er be residents of the same world,—
Also how man destroys the happiness of man,
Natural evils seem not enough to make
Him wretched; he seeks his own destruction
By crimes of every grade, and every name,
Fraud, theft, robbery, personal abuse,
Assassination, and public quarrels,—

Man wages war with man, bliss flies the field
Of battle, the fleeting pleasure which flows
From false ideas of honour, and love
Of worldly glory, the applause of men
Vanishes away, and leaves him who possessed it,
Destitute and poor. It never satisfied
A human soul, and made it happy, nor can
Deluded man, however he still seeks for
Happiness, in every path but that
In which it might be found, in that, the least
And last of all. Oh, when will man, mistaken
Man, be wise, and know on what his happiness
Depends! Thus not only revolving on all
Things visible, but on Him who is the cause of all,
Himself invisible. He who produces,
Who sustains the whole, who sleeps not while I sleep,
But watches while I slumber. Oh, thou whose
Countenance is light, dispel the darkness
That dwells in me; cause me to see and be satisfied,—
To be satisfied in thee. But my being
Is measured out by time, thine by eternity.
How then shall I conceive of thee, my being

Compares with thine? only as time to eternity,
The one with the other bears no proportion.
Pleasing but awful eternity, to what
Shall the creature of a moment liken thee?
To some vast majestic adamantine column,
Towering far above the ken of mortals,
Against which the revolutions of time
Have no effect. The successive generations
Of men may pass in countless numbers, nay,
Myriads of worlds may run out their latest
Periods in tardy succession, and have
No effect on thee—thou shalt remain, still
Uninjured, undiminished. Be then the measure
Of my existence, the measure of the
Existence of all that receive life, and
Be that existence happy,—happy in
The smiles and favour of Him who bestows it,
Whose prerogative it is to bring light
Out of darkness, from deformity, beauty,—
Perfection from imperfection, to cleanse
And to heal, the moral pollution of his
Creatures, and restore all things to their

Pristine order, fit the universe for his dwelling-place,
And fill it forever with his presence.
Come, then, my soul, remember with gratitude,
Remember Him who so often has returned
Thee to this place of sweet repose, whereon
To rest thy wearied limbs; who so often
Has kept thee in safety whilst thou slept;
So often raised thee from thence, in health and
Vigour, and forget not all his benefits,
Lest thou by Him shouldst be forgotten too.

THE LIFE OF MAN.

As bubbles which arise on the surface of the agitated pool, so is the life of man. Inflated with air, they exist for a moment and straightway disappear—they return to the element from which they were raised, and so does man; his body dissolves, and the component parts thereof are deposited, each with its original element, and becomes undistinguishingly blended with them. Is this the end, is this the whole of man? The soul, this thinking principle, what is it? what is thought? what

constitutes the mind of man? is it not by means of the peculiar and wonderful organization of our bodies that we think that we feel the sensations of pleasure and pain? Can any one demonstrate that thought is anything more than simply the result of those sensations? or that the mind is aught but a continued succession or series of thoughts? If not, what is the inference, but that when the body dissolves, when that organization on which thought depends is destroyed, the soul or mind of man will be extinct? Painful and gloomy idea, the hungerings and thirstings of man after immortality, would induce him to think otherwise, and have induced him, in innumerable instances, to think, to believe that the soul or mind, is, in and of itself, a permanent and an abiding principle, and that, independent of the body, has an eternal existence. Transporting and consolatory thought! when the soul can contemplate itself as having a future and an eternal existence, how must it leap for joy; how must all things which pertain to the body become annihilated, when brought into view with this. But to the mind which is involved in doubt and darkness, before which an impenetrable veil is drawn with regard to things future, how solitary and comfortless must all things appear; sensible of its own frailty, how ardent, how irresistible will be its desire to become

acquainted with and allied to some living and abiding principle; doubting and hoping, how oft will it address itself to some imaginary power, some unknown God, to the great First Cause, to the Author of nature, to the Fountain of light, the Source of all good. Eternal Power, what art thou, and where art thou? or, if every where, why dost thou not render thyself to me visible? Dost thou surround me when in the field? dost thou pervade my lonely walk? dost thou hover over me in the silent watches of the night? If so, oh, that it were possible or consistent with thy will, that the veil which hides thee from me, might be removed; or that I might in some way be rendered sensible of thy presence.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE YEAR.

The year is just expiring; its days are fled,
And all its hours but one are gone; one short,
Solitary midnight hour, to most an hour
Of sleep, of dull repose; and shall I thus
Devote it? rather to some nobler purpose
Let me assign its fleeting moments.
To stop, to turn, and take a retrospective view
Of what is past, is wise in those who wish
To mend, and all have cause to mend, than I
None greater. Stop, then, my soul, turn and review
Thy life through the departing year.
Alas, what hast thou done, how many hours
Have run to waste, how many worse than wasted,—
How few to doing good have been devoted?
Where wilt thou find a virtuous deed to
Consecrate thy name? Much toil and labour
Hast thou seen, to serve thyself, but canst thou
Find in all the catalogue, one holy,
Pure, disinterested action, one to
Stand the test, one which in the day of trial,
Thou canst well approve?—

'Tis done, and every deed is sealed; to repent
Of evil may be in thy power, but not
That evil to undo. Oh, God of seasons,
Thou who gave the earth to know its periods,
And numbered its every revolution,
Grant me the privilege to mourn for sin,
To weep o'er follies past; in sweet contrition
Melt my soul, heal her disorders, cleanse, and
Sanctify, and assimilate her to thyself,
And cause her nevermore to stray from thee.
'Tis midnight, the year is closed with all its
Grand achievements, all its dire conflicts now
Are over; with myriads, not only
The year, but time has ended. Witness sad
Charleston, Orleans, and Afric's barbarous coast.
What are years, and what is time, but portions
Of eternity measured out to man
By the revolving world? This earth already
Has run out, so history saith, almost
Six thousand periods, each of which has borne
Its millions, and returned them back to dust again.
Oh, could we lift the veil, and see the fate
Of those departed nations.—What hast thou
Said, my soul? recall the impious wish,
Which, if granted, might destroy thy peace,

If not, seal forever thy destruction.
It is enough for thee to know, that vice
And folly bring only misery in their train.
That virtue only can thy bliss secure.
Oh, could deluded mortals square their lives
By this unerring rule, how soon the world
Again would bloom an Eden; wârs then would cease,
And man embrue his hands no longer in
A brother's blood. Great God, what spirit urges
Him to tread the ensanguined field, and there
To risk his life, his all? Dost thou inflame
His breast with courage, to meet the dread affray?
Dost thou direct the fatal engine, and wing
The missive ball with speed, and give it aim
To do its office? 'Tis said, our times are
In thy hands, and thou the means and end
Hast both appointed. Oh, God, how long wilt thou
Permit these things to be; let not thy fierce
Anger always burn against thy feeble
Creatures, because of sin. Oh, when wilt thou
Destroy the monster, and expel him from
The intellectual world? When the gospel
Herald shall have proclaimed peace and good-will
To all the earth. Then haste the blissful period,
Bless the means in use, protect the missionary,

Who bears the joyful tidings, succeed his
Mission call, and send forth all needful numbers
To bear the voice of love to every ear.
But what, alas, will this avail, if those
Who most profess to know and feel its sacred
Influence, war with each other, and on
Each slight occasion shed a brother's blood,
Or worse, hold him in bondage! Oh, Britain's
Sons, shame on you,—and you, Columbia's
Boasted freemen, who send the voice of love,
And peace, and liberty, to others, yet
Practice not yourselves the sacred rules you teach.
"Physician, heal thyself," is a Scripture rule
Of first importance, taught by one who never
Taught amiss, and should the first be learned.
Thou fool, said he, first take the beam from thine
Own eye, then shalt thou discern more clearly,
To pull the mote out of thy brother's eye.
Charity, 'tis proverbial, should begin
At home; commendable it is and just,
If, then, charity, surely reformation ought,—
For example louder than precept cries.
Those nations, then, who send the gospel into
Heathen lands, should cease themselves to be barbarians;
Should, while they preach to others, not to rob

Or kill, forbear to steal or murder.
And christians should not commit crimes, which blacken
Human nature in the gentile world. Yet
Christendom doth daily groan with crimes like
These, crimes the name of which as much belong
To public butcheries, and public plunders
As to private ones. First, then, let every
One endeavour to reform himself, his
Friends and neighbours next, and next his country;
Then, the human family at large, and let
The enlightened circle uniformly progress.
So may we in reason expect a time to come,
When theft and murder, public and private,
Shall be done away,—when wrongs of every
Kind shall cease, and pride and ostentation
Be no more found on earth, when holiness
Shall be inscribed even on the horses' bells,
And every thing be sanctified and consecrated
To the Lord.

THE BEGGAR GIRLS.

A FABLE.

Zelia and Cynthia were born of indigent parents, who lived in adjoining houses in the city of——, where they supported themselves and their families by their daily labour; the little girls, though of different dispositions, had contracted an intimacy from their infancy; when they were about seven years old, their fathers were both snatched away by the cruel hand of death, by which melancholy event, Zelia and Cynthia were in a short time reduced to beggary and rags. One day as they were strolling through the streets of the town in quest of charity, they chanced to stop before the door of an eminent lady, equally famed for her piety and benevolence. As soon as she saw the forlorn condition of the little strangers, her heart was touched with the tenderest sympathy for their distress; she called them in, and immediately filled their hands with food. When they had eaten, and she had surveyed them sufficiently, she determined within herself, to make proof of their dispositions; for such was her knowledge of the human character, that she could see, or thought she could see, the souls of her fellow-creatures in their countenances.

To effect her purpose, she told them she had a pretty suit of clothes, which she would give to one of them, in case they could agree which of them should have it. "Give it to me, give it to me," exclaimed Zelia, to which Cynthia, who was of a yielding disposition, and one that loved the happiness of others as dearly as she did her own, immediately gave her consent, and helped to fit them on her companion in distress, with the purest pleasure. The lady now dismissed them, and told them they must go home, at which Zelia, first surveying herself with great complacency, then casting a look of scorn at Cynthia, sheered off, and instead of taking her by the hand as she had been wont to do, avoided her, and walked away alone. On seeing this, the lady immediately called her back, and asked her why she did not take her little sister sufferer by the hand, and walk in the same manner they had done when they came to her door. She answered with some confusion, that she could no longer endure to be seen walking with a wretched creature, so dirty and ragged as Cynthia was. "Who made you to differ," said the lady, "did not I give you the clothes, and were you not as dirty and as ragged as Cynthia when you came to me? What would you have done, had I given them to her instead of you?" Stung with the keen reproach of

these questions, she hung her head, but could not say a word. "I must now," continued the lady, "take the clothes from you and give them to Cynthia, who is the most deserving." Which having done, and fitted on to Zelia again her dirty rags, she a second time dismissed them, and told them as before, they must go home. No sooner had she uttered these words, than Cynthia, bursting into tears, exclaimed, "Oh, madam, I cannot endure to see my little companion in distress so dirty and ragged, and myself thus finely clothed, I had rather go dirty and even naked myself; take them, oh, take them, and give them to her again." The lady was now satisfied she had accomplished her purpose, and snatching Cynthia to her bosom, she tenderly embraced her, saying, "No, my dear creature, you shall keep the clothes, and wear them, and shall never want for more, while I have to spare; I have another suit in store for Zelia when she shall deserve them, and which I hope will not be long first." And so it proved; for such was the impression which the tenderness and love of Cynthia toward her made upon her heart, that it never left her until a thorough change was wrought therein, and she had learned to regard the happiness of all her fellow-creatures as her own.

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